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THE EGYPTIAN SURRENDER.

THE speeches of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and of Mr. JOHN MORLEY on Wednesday, though neither was a very remarkable speech in itself, supply, from diametrically opposite sides, a rather useful comment on the present state of Government policy in Egypt. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, even after making allowance for the cheerful audacity with which he is gifted, is at a greater disadvantage in criticising that policy than any other prominent Conservative politician. His earlier proceedings in reference to Egypt deserve at best a merciful forgetting, and his present ideas on the subject appear to be curiously compounded of some intelligent appreciation and a great deal of unintelligent cant. Yet even Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, so utterly indefensible is the course of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government, so many have been their blunders, so gross and manifold is their incapacity, was able to draw up a very effective indictment without exposing himself to retaliation on any of the counts. On the other hand, Mr. MORLEY, erroneous as his views must be held to be on the general question, is thoroughly acquainted with its details, has at any rate for some time past maintained a consistent attitude on the subject, and, though he is known not thoroughly to approve of the Government policy, as indeed no man in the possession of his reason does approve of it thoroughly, is committed heart and soul to Mr. GLADSTONE's side at present. All that Mr. MORLEY can find to say is that the forthcoming agreement with France will probably be a very bad agreement, and almost certainly a bad agreement, but that nothing must persuade the Liberal party to turn out Mr. GLADSTONE in these dangerous days—the danger of which (Mr. MORLEY forgot to say it, or the reporter to report him) happens to be almost entirely of Mr. GLADSTONE's own bringing about.

It becomes more and more evident that this refuge of despair—the appeal to keep Mr. GLADSTONE in at any cost to the country—is the sole refuge to which, in reference to this famous (let it be hoped it may not next week have to be called infamous) agreement, the supporters of the Government are being driven. As it has been repeatedly pointed out, the details of the surrender matter the less because under no possible circumstances can it be anything but a surrender. As admitted by the most thoroughgoing of Mr. GLADSTONE's defenders, the terms are disgraceful and preposterous. That England, when the appointed term of evacuation approaches, is to go cap in hand to one Great Power after another in search of a second to back her request for a longer day, is sufficiently shameful; and this is the most favourable version of that particular matter. The reconstituted Debt Commission will, in fact, be a Board of Control, and, unless a full half of its members were Englishmen, the English nationality of the President could not prevent England from being constantly thwarted. On whatever terms and by whatever machinery England is to advance money to Egypt, the discreditable and unprofitable fact will remain that Englishmen are to lend money and furnish men for the payment of foreign bondholders—a doubling of the parts of banker and bailiff which is as novel as it is undignified. This is the most favourable report (and it is notorious that there are other reports much more unfavourable), while the truth can hardly be less unpleasant, for the simple reason, again and again insisted on, that nothing less unpleasant would account for the negotiations at all. In what ingenious fashion the pill may be gilded

by the joint efforts of Mr. GLADSTONE and M. FERRY it is impossible to say, but it is, at any rate, fair to observe that there is no deception about the matter. Even Mr. JOHN MORLEY admits that it must be a nasty pill, and may be a very nasty one.

To these pleasant considerations has to be added the other pleasant consideration that Mr. GLADSTONE has not been content with making his bid for French countenance, and then submitting the bid to Parliament without going farther. The humiliation of England—humiliation it must be, whether it is great or small—is being hawked through all the chanceries of Europe before it is exposed to public view in London. Before Englishmen are asked whether they will confess themselves to be incompetent administrators, unbusinesslike financiers, incapable soldiers, but (if kept under proper control) useful policemen and energetic bumbailiffs, an English Ministry formulates this confession, and sends it round to Berlin and Vienna, to St. Petersburg and Rome. That, at least, is what the spokesmen of the Ministry in the public press say without contradiction from their superiors. Nor is it to be for a moment doubted that when the agreement, good or bad—to speak more accurately, bad or very bad—comes on for discussion, this preliminary tour of inspection will be urged in its favour. It would be so awkward to reject what has been officially tendered to foreign Powers. Indeed the only reason for a proceeding exposed to such obvious inconveniences is that it must precipitate the plumping of that question to which Mr. GLADSTONE and his supporters are anxious to bring Liberal members of Parliament, “Are you prepared to support the Government at all hazards, or are you not?” Every day this question is being more and more undisguisedly put, more and more audacious admissions of the probable character of the proposed transactions are being made, and the game is played to win solely by the cards of party discipline, of Mr. GLADSTONE's reputation and popularity, and of the dislike of certain classes and parties to certain Conservative statesmen or to any Conservative Government. At almost any former period it would have been impossible to win in such a fashion. For Mr. GLADSTONE's defenders have, as a preliminary necessity, to declare that Mr. GLADSTONE is a complete failure. They have to urge that in two years of unrestricted management of a small country he has brought that country to such a pass that extraordinary arrangements are necessary to counteract the bad effects of that management. They have to admit that these arrangements, defined by themselves, are disagreeable. They grant that Mr. GLADSTONE has blundered completely in Egypt, and that he has placed England in at least an unpleasant relation to the European Powers. They cannot afford to blink any of the bungles and butcheries which have marked the course of Egyptian history since the Alexandrian riot, for those bungles and butcheries are necessary to their attempt to show how very difficult the Egyptian question is, how much allowance it requires, how necessary it is to keep France and Europe in good humour. And when they have done all this, and shown a certain set of men to be blunderers in administration and mendicants in foreign policy, they turn round and demand implicit confidence in the blunderers and the mendicants, a new lease of power for them, and a practical assurance that, blunder and beg as they may, nobody else shall be put in their places. This, let it be remembered, is an argument from which there is no escape, and the force of which would not be weakened if by some *coup de théâtre* it were to turn out that

Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE have all along been struggling to moderate the generous confidence of France instead of to comply with her exigencies, that no limit is to be set to the occupation, that the management of the Debt is to be entirely left to England, that nothing is to be said about the neutralization of the Canal, that M. CAMILLE BARRÈRE is to receive an appointment in Cayenne or the Marquesas, and that the whole European concert has tuned its harps to sound "Rule Britannia" in Egypt. For the premisses of the argument above given are not hypotheses, they are not statements of Mr. GLADSTONE's enemies. They are the assertions of Mr. GLADSTONE's friends, and the acknowledged and recorded facts of the past. It can no more be denied that support is being bespoken for "Mr. GLADSTONE, right or wrong," than it can be denied that the state of Souakim is now very much what it was before General GRAHAM's expedition, that the lives and fortunes of dwellers on the Nile to the very frontiers of Egypt proper depend on the good pleasure of the MAHDI and his lieutenants, that every English institution set on foot under the DUFFERIN scheme has collapsed or is collapsing, and that the measures which the Government are reluctantly and partially taking now were pressed on them by those who knew the facts and grasped them in December last.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

THE supporters of the preposterous demand for female suffrage have, perhaps, less reason than any other political section to complain of Mr. GLADSTONE's recent proceedings. It is something to have secured a plausible excuse for a defeat which may consequently be represented as occasional and temporary. The composition of the minority will also be thought encouraging, as it was not exclusively composed of eccentric theorists or of womanish men acting under the influence of strong-minded women. Many prosaic and sceptical partisans suppressed their contempt for the proposal with the immediate object of inflicting a check or a reproof on the Government. Whether their motives were morally more admirable than the prejudices of the genuine enthusiasts may be a disputable question; but they are less likely to persevere in their mistaken course. The promoters of the agitation will be grievously disappointed if they rely on a casual alliance, although they may on the other hand hereafter reclaim some real supporters who last week preferred the authority of Mr. GLADSTONE to their own fantastic opinions. Whenever the issue has been directly and seriously raised, the House of Commons has concurred with the great mass of intelligent persons of both sexes in protesting against an absurd innovation. It is true that some of Mr. WOODALL's opponents might be taxed with cynical audacity when they argued that the test of a sound representative system was its tendency to provide the most satisfactory legislative body. The enthusiastic advocates of the Irish household franchise had little right to dwell on the political incompetence of even a female constituency; but questions of vital importance are not to be solved by personal recriminations. Even Irish householders may possibly at some distant time become qualified to exercise some fraction of political power; but it is certain that women, though they may partially succeed in the attempt to unsex themselves, will never be changed into men.

The most respectable supporters of female suffrage, including Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Lord JOHN MANNERS, appear to have been convinced by the same argument which prevailed over Lord BEACONSFIELD's possible scruples. Property in the hands of women is, as long as they are excluded from the franchise, not directly represented. The same disability applies to land held in mortmain by corporate bodies, and to the personality which they possess. The electoral power attached to property of any kind will, under the new dispensation, be altogether insignificant. Several newspaper correspondents have lately complained that an intelligent and cultivated female employer of labour may not have a vote, while all her workmen enjoy the privilege from which she is debarred. A man of the same character and in the same condition may be outvoted by two of his workmen. Lord BEACONSFIELD's authority on questions of electoral competence is impaired by his indifference to popular government in general. His colleagues and successors, though they are thoroughly penetrated by constitutional convictions, formed their opinions on female suffrage before the character of the representation was fundamentally

changed. The responsible head of a household would, if Mr. WOODALL's claim had become law, share the franchise, as Mr. GOSCHEN showed in detail, with irresponsible girls, and with electresses of more doubtful character. There is no reason to suspect two eminent Conservatives, though they may be heretical on a single point, of a bias in favour of a class of voters which they may, according to the suggestion of their adversaries, hope to attach to their own party. If they have any expectation of the kind, they may be undeceived by the candid and accurate statements of the ladies who are most noisily clamouring for the franchise. The whole body is, as some of its members have publicly asserted, thoroughly revolutionary in temper and doctrine. Agitators, male or female, have no disposition to leave things as they are. On the other hand, it would be surprising that women who refrain on principle from political activity should organize Committees or talk nonsense on platforms. To prove the justice of their own modest estimate of female politicians, they have only to read the oral and written declarations of their unauthorized representatives.

One of the mock demagogues publishes a highly characteristic declaration that, fortified by the authority of BLACKSTONE, she will henceforth refuse payment of taxes till she is allowed to vote. The famous commentator, who has not generally been accused of subversive tendencies, enunciates, among many other commonplaces, the proposition that no English subject can be taxed without his consent, given by himself or by his representative in Parliament. The use of the masculine pronoun "his" may perhaps be an oversight; but in an age of nomination boroughs and of a closely restricted franchise, the eloquent exponent and apologist of established institutions can scarcely be supposed to have affirmed the legal existence of universal suffrage. BLACKSTONE was perfectly aware that no trader or tenant-farmer had as such a vote for members of Parliament, and that nineteen-twentieths of the male population were habitually taxed, and, at the same time, excluded from the right of suffrage. If necessary, he would have explained his own general phrases by some ingenious theory of virtual representation; and he certainly would not have advised a wilful violation of law. Only a female dialectician would be capable of first believing that every proposition in BLACKSTONE was a part of the law of the land, and of then inferring that she was therefore entitled to act on her own interpretation of the text. In a certain sense it is a not untenable paradox that polemical women are rigid logicians. Entire indifference to the correctness of premisses, and boldness in the acceptance of impossible conclusions, greatly facilitate the process of seeming to reason. It never occurs to the would-be champion and martyr of oppressed female taxpayers that it would be useless to elect Parliaments by any kind of suffrage, if laws were not binding on individual dissentients. The indulgence with which such eccentricities are regarded is itself an argument against the political equality of the sexes. Revolutionary absurdities become amusing instead of shocking when they are accepted as "pretty FANNY's way."

It appears from a letter written by Admiral MAXSE that extreme Radicals as well as the Conservatives of yesterday appreciate the most conclusive argument against the political enfranchisement of women. If they were to hold opinions peculiar to themselves, and to pursue distinctive objects, women with votes might, with the aid of a small minority of men, carry any measure which they might think desirable. If the matter were important, the masculine majority would assuredly refuse to submit. There was probably some exaggeration in the statement lately attributed to a Frenchman that such an antagonism would, if female suffrage were established in France, result in civil war. In England the contest between the sexes would be settled, not by violence, but by a preliminary comparison of forces. The combatants would, as in *Paradise Lost*, save themselves the necessity of combat by a summary estimate of their respective forces. Even in controversies of secondary interest, on securities against disease, or on the practice of vivisection, the stronger section of the constituency would not long consent to be governed by hysterical impulse or even by amiable prejudice. It is not allowable to decide fundamental issues on the grounds of party convenience; but waverers who are tempted to enfranchise women in the hope that they may be amenable to ecclesiastical influence, would, if they were allowed to try the experiment, be utterly disappointed. It is, indeed, probable that many female voters might follow

their accustomed spiritual guides; but the communities in which political and religious activity are most closely combined are not devoted to the cause of Church and State. Even among the cultivated classes new-fangled doctrines have lately found their most credulous proselytes in the sex which ought to be loyally tenacious of orthodox convictions. No measure would be too preposterous for female Buddhists or female Positivists; but it is scarcely worth while to pursue a collateral discussion. It is not on account of feminine heresies, but because the regimen of women is intrinsically monstrous, or, in milder terms, unnatural, that their claim to govern and legislate is untenable. Last week's debate was instructive even in the trivial character of some of the arguments which were rightly thought good enough to support an instinctive judgment. Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, who seldom shrinks from any democratic innovation, has been confirmed in sound doctrines as to the rights of women, or, perhaps converted, by a late municipal election at Oxford. A candidate who would certainly have conferred more honour on the Town Council than he would have received from his constituency was, according to Mr. ROGERS, rejected by the votes of female ratepayers. That similar miscarriages have sometimes occurred in Parliamentary contests has not been considered a reason for disfranchising misguided voters; but it is not improbable that the city of Oxford would be better governed if there were no female voters. It is, on the whole, advisable that disputants should confine themselves to the use of sound and relevant reasons; but careless fallacies sometimes imply a certainty which is superior to argument. It might be difficult to prove that women ought not to elect members of Parliament on the sole ground that the ratepayers of a ward in a provincial city rejected an eligible candidate for a seat in the Town Council; but in practical matters a just conclusion may stand on its own merits, or rest on "any other reason why."

IRELAND.

DURING the past week in Ireland a salutary lesson has been read to irreconcilable journalism by the fine laid on Mr. O'BRIEN, and the good sense and patriotism of the Orange leaders have saved Lord SPENCER from the consequences of his lamentable defection from equal justice in the matter of the Newry meetings. But the Irish event of the week occurred in England, and was the Duke of ARGYLL's speech of Monday. Important as that speech was in many ways, it was perhaps in no way more important than as eliciting the replies, or the attempts at reply, which were given to it. They were remarkable enough in reference to the actual subject of what for courtesy's sake must be called discussion; they were more remarkable as exhibiting a growing tendency of modern politicians which may be pronounced without hesitation to be one of the most mischievous tendencies that politics and politicians have ever exhibited. No reader or hearer of the debate—no reader even of the comments made upon it by newspapers favourable to the Land Act—needs to be told that the DUKE was left absolutely unanswered. In point of argument Lord CARLINGFORD's stale and repeatedly disproved assertion of some mysterious difference between Ireland and all other countries on the earth, which makes what would be robbery elsewhere restitution in Ireland, stood alone. The DUKE's facts were not disproved, his arguments were not met, his criticisms were not answered. Lord DERBY, who has perhaps the most naturally happy and artificially accomplished faculty of damaging his own side that is now to be found in Christendom, came forward candidly to repeat his former statements that the Act was a very bad business, a very revolutionary business, in fact (save that he did not use the word), a very unjust business; but that he supposed it was necessary. That is, in the first place, exactly what had and has to be proved. In the second, it is exactly what Lord DERBY's present colleagues always strenuously denied. They never (it was repeated scores of times during the debates of 1881) dreamt of yielding anything except to manifest justice. Their Bill was not revolutionary, it was not confiscatory, it would put landlords (all but a very few very bad men) in a rather better position than before. Lord DERBY's argument that the Land Act was the best way out of a hopelessly bad job will not stand more examination than Lord DERBY's extraordinary comparison of the all-round rent-lowerings of the Commission to the process by which owners are compensated and consoled for compulsory expro-

priation in England. But, even if it would stand examination, it would be the very worst of all arguments for the Government which Lord DERBY now adorns.

This evasion, however, and the mere scolding with which the supporters of the Ministry out of Parliament have visited the audacious Liberal who dares to find fault with a pet measure of Mr. GLADSTONE's, have blinded, and can blind, nobody. The DUKE's facts are solid, unimpeachable, unimpeached. That the result of the Land Act has been to make the landlord's interest unsaleable, and to force up the price of the tenant's interest to a point which, on the first recurrence of a cycle of bad seasons, means bankruptcy for the tenant, if it does not mean that the landlord has been shamelessly robbed, no man off a partisan platform or out of the columns of a partisan newspaper dares deny. The first proposition is admitted by the Government measure now pending and under Mr. TREVELYAN's care; the second is evident to any one who has the slightest knowledge of the facts and the slightest command of reason. Now the two main things which the Bill was to do were, first, to assure the landlord's interest by strictly defining it; and, secondly, to lessen the alleged reckless competition for farms, and consequent running up of rents, by assigning a definite value to the tenant's interest. Neither has been done; the opposite of both has been done. The landlord cannot sell at all; the tenant buys at a price which means either that the fair rent is a scandalously unfair rent, or that he is ruining himself in the purchase, or that he is implicitly buying the chance of a further slice of the landlord's goods. But this only regards justice; and, from Lord DERBY's point of view, justice does not matter. Turn then to expediency. One main object of the Land Act was to do away with the under-farming too common in Ireland, and to secure, with fixity of tenure and certainty of rent payment, a proper expenditure of capital on the land. As it is, landlords, by a wise, or rather an inevitable, inference from the decisions of the Land Commission, have left off expending any money at all, and tenants are sinking their capital in exorbitant purchases of tenant-right. The future of Irish farming, therefore, is as bad as it can be from this strictly business point of view. As for the decisions of the Land Commission and its Sub-Commissions, no valid fight was made in the House of Lords or out of it for what is in fact a scandal admitting no defence of any kind. It may be charitably hoped that those who defend the Commissioners and their understrappers have not taken the pains to investigate the reported cases. Lord CARLINGFORD probably has done this, and he therefore with much wisdom confined himself to perfectly vague language. But the Duke of ARGYLL was prudent enough to spend but little of his speech in denunciation. The iniquity of the Land Act and of those who have lent themselves to working the screw on Irish landlords may be a tempting theme for indignant eloquence; but those who have been guilty of the iniquity, and those who have winked at it, are unlikely to be pricked in conscience. The more reasonable plan is to show the complete failure for its own ends of all this cumbrous machinery, all this ignoring of right, all this generosity with other men's money. And there is no difficulty in showing this. No political conciliation has been effected by the Land Act. A fresh economical crisis has partly come about and partly been assured in the future by it. The moral tone of the country, never very high, has been further disturbed and lowered by the expectations of fresh irregular gain at a period more or less near. There are some precisians who hold (Mr. GLADSTONE used to be among them, but that was when the way lay from Blackheath to Downing Street, not from Downing Street into the vast inane) that what is morally wrong can never be politically expedient. It may, according to the convenient theory of two Justices, be questioned whether the Irish Land Act was morally wrong; the event has shown, and is showing every day, how utterly inexpedient it was, how utterly futile, how successful in bringing about everything that its supporters scouted as impossible, and that its opponents prophesied as certain.

But the point noticed above is an even more important point, because it is one of wider application. The cry of all the Duke of ARGYLL's critics, in and out of Parliament, is, "Oh! you are too late. You ought to have spoken before. The Land Act is an accomplished fact now." The Franchise Bill, if Bills could chuckle, might chuckle to itself on hearing this, and so might a good many other measures, accomplished or inchoate, of present and recent times. Whenever the "big legislation" for which Radicals of

to-day ingeniously avow that they pant is brought on, objections as to probable results are invariably poohpoohed. It is unreasonable to prophesy evil, it is unjust to decry the working of a thing before it has been got to work, and the particular dangers indicated are always the particular dangers which can by no possibility happen. But when the big measure has been got through, to point out that it does not work well, to indicate the points in which the prophesies of evil have been verified, to show what fresh evils are impending, is poohpoohed on exactly the opposite ground. It is useless to cry over spilt milk; the thing is done and must be made the best of; the objector ought to have spoken before; he is a belated thinker of the day before yesterday, an old almanac, a tedious babler of "I told you so." Before the thing is done it is too soon to object; when it is done it is too late. That is Lord CARLINGFORD's grand argument; for the old wives' fable about Irish tenure, and the absurd contention that the Duke of ARGYLL, not being an Irish landlord, ought not to talk about the matter can scarcely have been meant seriously. Would Lord CARLINGFORD like to refer the Land Act and its merits to a jury of those who possess the qualification which he is so anxious to insist on when the question is that of challenging, not qualifying, a jurymen? If Irish landlords only are to decide on Irish questions, we think we may say without rashness that we can forecast the decision in this case pretty accurately. The truth of course is, that it is not necessary to be an Irish landlord, it is not necessary to be an Irishman, it is not necessary ever to have set foot in Ireland, to be qualified to judge this cause. To be able to read and to be able to reason, that is all that is necessary. No man who can do these two things, and who has not what the Duke of ARGYLL calls a "Treasury-bench mind," which works exactly as it is bidden to work, can fail to come to the conclusion that the grounds on which the Land Act was ostensibly passed were false, and the results which it was ostensibly intended to accomplish have conspicuously failed to follow.

CHURCH PATRONAGE IN COMMITTEE.

CHURCH patronage has for the third time reached the haven of puzzled statesmen. Under the care of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH it was examined in a Committee of the House of Lords, and the result was an able but drastic Report, with much valuable evidence. A Royal Commission gave another instalment of valuable evidence, and a Report both able and moderate. Now a third Report and a fresh budget of evidence may be expected from the House of Commons.

We cannot say that we anticipate much fresh light from this step, but we do not in the least complain of such having been the result of Wednesday's debate. Any other ending would have bewildered a case which was too strong to stand still and too weak really to go on, and which was complicated by the duplicity of a situation in which some of the assailants of the present system take their stand out of real love for and others out of real hatred for the actual Church of England. Mr. ALBERT GREY posed as the doctrinaire democrat with the success usually attaching to that character. Mr. LEATHAM as little concealed from the House as he can have done from himself that when the padding was dropped his Bill was a scheme to concentrate the whole patronage of the Church in the hands of Queen ANNE'S Bounty, or, in other words, to make confiscation easy by substituting one official manager for many independent owners. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in his monologue of the conscious-smitten statesman gave a fine specimen of his best IRVING manner, only the art was a little too visible.

Those who really wish to reform Church patronage, and to help the Church of England, have a task which has been made easy to them by the late Commission to perform, though not so easy to carry out in the face of Mr. GREY and Mr. ILLINGWORTH—namely, to concentrate their attention rather on the quality of the produce than on the theory of the producing power. Private patronage may be wrong; but, if this is so, down falls the defence of our Established Church. But there might be, and there should be, checks on the appointing by private patrons of unfit nominees, not by invoking, as Mr. GREY proposes, the forces of ignorance, self-interest, and prejudice, but by guarantees of fitness, which the Church in the person of its rulers ought to regulate and to administer. Only we must

again express our dissent from the majority of the Commission, and our preference for the minority Report of Lord DEVON and the late Lord Justice JAMES, who stood up, as Mr. HENLEY used to do, for the lawfulness of the sale of next presentations. Two evils, independent of each other but quite compatible, would follow any attempt to forbid such sale. The family living would often pass under some temporary stress of agricultural depression, when the alienation of a turn only might have preserved it; and a system of illicit and clandestine sale, far more immoral than anything which now exists, would be devised by the evil wits of the livings trade. The conscientious patron would sell the old living out and out, and the unscrupulous one would plunge into the gulf of corrupt practices.

THE EDUCATION ESTIMATES.

ON Monday last Mr. MUNDELLA laid the Education Estimates before the House of Commons. The sum required for the coming financial year exceeds three millions sterling. Taken as a whole, the statement of Mr. MUNDELLA is satisfactory, and the large sums spent on education will not be grudged by the country, though opinions may differ as to the question whether they could not in some cases be spent more wisely. The increase of 77,000*l.* over the Estimates of last year seems to be fully accounted for by the natural development of our educational system. In nearly all respects signs of steady progress are to be noticed. During the past year 18,540 schools were inspected, as against 18,289 in the previous year. There was an increase of 84,000 in the number of scholars on the register. The average attendance during the year was 3,127,000, which showed an increase of 112,000. In average attendance, in the percentage of passes at examinations, and in the proportion of those who passed the higher standards to the whole number individually examined, there has been an increase. It is satisfactory to read that there is a decrease of 2,800*l.* in the payment of children's fees, and that these payments are now "moribund." In the schools at present existing there is accommodation for 4,670,000 scholars, showing an increase of 132,000 over the previous year. There is thus school accommodation for a larger number by several hundred thousand than the names in the register, and larger by more than a million than those in average attendance. In the number of certificated and assistant teachers there is an increase of more than 4,500. The average attendance is now a trifle over 73 per cent. for England, and a little over 76 per cent. for Scotland. The number of those examined in the higher standards has steadily increased. It is also noteworthy that, while the number of certificated and assistant teachers has been largely on the increase, that of the pupil teachers has been greatly on the decline. Thus in two years the increase in the number of the former was a little over 8,000, and the decrease in the number of the latter a little over 7,000. This means, on the one hand, that the teaching is more efficient, and on the other, as Mr. MUNDELLA pointed out, that the strain of long hours of teaching is not any more, to the same extent as formerly, thrown upon those too young to bear it. That much still remains to be done in England was shown by Mr. MUNDELLA's reference to the state of education on the Continent. In Germany and Switzerland a child cannot be employed in a manufactory till he reaches the age of fourteen years; and he then, till he has finished his sixteenth year, must attend a night school to supplement the education which he has already had in the day school. Another defect in our present system was pointed out by Mr. MUNDELLA. In England the average attendance of children is 73 per cent. of the total number on the register. In Switzerland, Germany, and even Austria (which latter country many people suppose to be still in a state of primeval darkness), the average attendance is 95 per cent. In other words, there is in England a daily average of children absent from school amounting to one million one hundred thousand. Mr. MUNDELLA attributes this fact partly to the indifference of parents and also to the neglect of duty on the part of local authorities. To these causes may be added the natural inclination of many children of the weaker sort to play truant from lessons above their capacity. In the rural districts, according to Mr. MUNDELLA, the farmers and the clergy are by no means of one mind with regard to school attendance. The clergy are most anxious that the children should go to school; but the Guardians do not back them up by enforcing attendance, and the Education Department

appears to be powerless in the matter except in the way of giving advice. What can be done by private exertions is shown by the signal success of the Jews' free school in the East End of London. It is the largest in the United Kingdom, and accommodates 3,300 children. The average attendance in this school is 95 per cent.; the scholars make the highest passes in England; many of the pupils are of foreign origin, and over fifteen per cent. of them are the children of Russian or Polish Jews who have taken refuge in England from the persecution to which they have been subjected in their own country. Thus, under unfavourable circumstances, the zeal and philanthropy of individuals can attain results which throw into the shade the organized efforts of Government.

Mr. FORSTER, speaking near Leeds on Wednesday last, gave an account of the progress of education in this country rather more rose-coloured than (satisfactory as this progress is) the facts quoted by Mr. MUNDELLA bear out. It is true that, owing in part to the exertions of these two gentlemen, while, before the passing of the Act of 1870, only one in fourteen of the population attended an elementary school, one in six are now on the register. But when he said that "our elementary education now was as good as in the United States, that it was better than in France, that it was 'quickly catching up similar education in Germany and Switzerland,'" he is distinctly in contradiction to Mr. MUNDELLA. Without comparing in detail our own elementary education with that of Germany and Switzerland, it is enough to point to our low average of attendance, as compared with the high average in those countries, to show how over-sanguine Mr. FORSTER's view is. Unless education is conducted regularly half of its value is lost. Nor does there exist in Germany, and still less in Switzerland, that large outcast class, which swarms in London and in all great towns, and to which the teaching which they get in order to pass the lowest standards is almost of no use at all. Whatever good may be done to them in school is rapidly undone at home (if one can call it home) or in the streets. There is another matter closely connected with this subject which urgently requires consideration. The question has often been raised whether the average children of the working classes—or, to put it more accurately, a considerable proportion of them—can bear the mental strain which is now put upon them by our public elementary schools. It has this week been brought prominently before the public by a letter in the *Times* of last Monday from Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE, whose high reputation is not confined to the medical profession only, and also by remarks made in both Houses of Parliament. Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE was invited by Mr. MUNDELLA to investigate the question and report to him as to the results arrived at. The conclusion to which Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE came was that there is "strong evidence that over-pressure exists in 'elementary schools, that it is even now injuriously affecting the health of the children, and that it promises a 'rich harvest of degeneration hereafter.'" Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE's report, which has not been published, and on which therefore we are not in a position to express an opinion, has been publicly criticized by members of the Government in a hostile spirit. This is doubly unfair. In the first place they have neglected to show the public both sides of a question of extreme importance. And, in the second, when the report comes to be published (as will soon be the case) they will have prejudiced, by their depreciatory criticism, the minds of many persons against the conclusions arrived at by the unbiassed investigation of a scientific man of high authority. To the public at large in such a case the presumption is always apt to be that the Government is right and the expert wrong. Better-informed people may draw a different conclusion, and feel inclined, in the absence of positive evidence, to trust rather to those who have made the study of mental and nervous phenomena the business of their lives, than to those who have a strong political motive to make out that the system which exists, and for which they are responsible, is the right one. However, until the report is published it is as well to suspend judgment. It is obvious, however, that "over-pressure" varies not only with the individual, but with the class of society in which the child is brought up. When the child has fresh air, plenty of wholesome food, sufficient exercise, and a comfortable home, much more mental work can be got out of him without any bad results than if he is, like many of the children of the poor, the stunted, half-starved, ill-clad offspring of diseased parents, living in a filthy court or lane. Many of those whom the School Board has swept

into our elementary schools belong to this class. They inherit feeble brains, and their home training does nothing to repair the deficiencies of nature, but rather tends to confirm them. It is a not unnatural mistake for persons of the well-to-do classes to fancy that lessons which they learned themselves with ease and pleasure in the nursery or schoolroom of a well-conducted home put no strain on the minds of children less happily situated. But the differences of circumstances must be taken into account. Many of the weakly children in our Board Schools, after lessons imperfectly understood in school hours, go home to some wretched tenement, there to learn, as best they can, perhaps in the same room with drunken parents and screaming brothers, the lesson for the following day. A recent decision in a court of justice has shown that home lessons cannot be legally enforced. Our educational system must be adapted to the needs of our own people; and, as long as in our great cities there exists an outcast class which breeds children weak in mind and body, their weakness must be taken into account in administering our system of public instruction.

GERMAN PEASANT PROPRIETORS.

DURING the earlier months of the present year an official inquiry has been made by most of the German Governments into the condition of the agricultural population, with results that are by no means encouraging for the advocates of peasant-proprietorship. There are districts, principally those celebrated for their vintages, in which the soil will repay almost any amount of labour; and in these the peasants seem, on the whole, to be doing fairly well. The field is treated as a garden; every child is of use; and the more that is done the better the yield is likely to be both in quantity and quality. It may be noted that the case is very similar in Italy. In Tuscany, where the olives, and in other parts where the orange-trees yield the most important crop, the tenant-farmers and the labourers are comparatively well off, as they are also in the scattered villages where the silkworm and its produce afford employment for the women and children. It is only when one comes into the parts that produce nothing but wheat, Indian corn, and other grains which do not improve in proportion to the amount of extra labour expended upon them that one is brought face to face with actual destitution. In Germany, again, there are provinces in which the increase of the population is slow, and the single estates are for the most part large; and here, too, the peasant proprietors seem to have little cause of complaint, except the general depression from which the agriculture of Western Europe has of late suffered.

As soon as we turn from such favoured districts, however, we find that the worst forebodings of the pessimists are being fulfilled. Almost everywhere the debts of the peasantry are increasing at an alarming rate, and in many places speculators are buying their land, and thus forming large estates which they are said to manage on purely commercial principles, without any of the kindly feeling which those who inherit land usually show to their tenants and labourers. The reason of this is obvious. A proprietor who has four sons must either leave his land to one or divide it among them. In the latter case, the land would in the course of a few generations be parcelled out into such little pieces as would hardly repay the cost of cultivation, far less support a family. In Germany, as a rule, a single son, the eldest or the youngest—the custom differs in different places—inherits the estate, on the condition of paying to his brothers and sisters a sum of money which stands in a certain relation to the estimated value of the land. We need not enter into particulars. In some parts of the country it is usual that all children share alike, in others the heir has only to divide a part of the value of his inheritance—say a third—between the other members of the family. But even in the latter case he can only raise the money by means of a mortgage.

Down to 1866 the peasants were artificially protected by laws of an extremely patriarchal character. Thus, no one was allowed to marry until he could convince the authorities of his parish (*Gemeinde*) that he was able to support a wife and family. These regulations may have had a bad moral effect, but they acted as a protection for the small landed proprietors. They were all swept away by the legislation of the earlier German Parliaments, too suddenly, as some of those who were most strongly opposed to them on principle are ready to confess, and now many of the most

earnest German politicians are racking their brains to discover a new artificial means of protecting the peasants from the action of those economic laws which will undoubtedly destroy the class if they are left unopposed.

It is not our intention to enter into a consideration of any of their proposals, but the difficulty with which they are struggling is not without a certain suggestiveness for Englishmen who are asked to make a considerable sacrifice for the purpose of establishing peasant-proprietorship in Ireland. The soil and climate of the island are not suited to the culture of the vine, the olive, or the orange, or indeed to any culture that repays continual care; the Irish, with all their virtues, are not generally thought to be a thrifty race, and, unlike the French, they have generally large families. Are the reformers who desire to substitute a population of peasant proprietors for one of tenant-farmers and field-labourers prepared to take the steps necessary to secure the success of their design? Will they affront the moral feeling of the United Kingdom and bid defiance to the priesthood by placing restrictions on marriage, as the old German laws did? Are they ready to enforce a strict entail, and enact that no burden shall be laid upon the land for the benefit of any member of the family except the heir? If they do not adopt these or similar measures, to which they are thought to be opposed both by prejudice and on principle, their reform will be stillborn, the land will be mortgaged to creditors before it is redeemed from the Government, and they will bring new misery upon a country whose greatest curse is that it has so long served as a text for the political Radical, as a subject for the economic quack.

A PUBLIC PROSECUTOR.

THE popular delusion that there is a Public Prosecutor in this country will probably survive even the Report of the Committee appointed by the HOME SECRETARY. There is not one, however, any more than there is a Public Executioner. It used to be the custom of Sheriffs, before the eccentricities of Mr. BINNS excited a prejudice against him, to employ at every execution the same man. But they were not bound to do so; and Sir JOHN MAULE is not bound to prosecute the person most justly suspected of the most heinous crime. It is but justice towards the framers of the Act of 1879 to say that they did not mislead the country by calling the functionary whom they created a Public Prosecutor. They called him Director of Public Prosecutions—a perfectly accurate title. When the State takes upon itself the duty of prosecuting, it is Sir JOHN MAULE who decides that this shall be done. But what almost every one understands by a Public Prosecutor is an officer who, like the Procurator Fiscal in Scotland, has the duty and the sole right of putting any one upon his trial for an offence against the law. This is what has always been advocated by those who thought that the Continental system should be introduced into England. It is certainly what Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN meant when he expressed his conviction, as he did repeatedly, that grave public mischief resulted from permitting any individual, however foolish or wicked, to set the criminal law in motion at his sole will and pleasure. The late Government were not prepared to go this length. But they wanted to do something, and so Sir RICHARD CROSS brought in and carried the experimental measure which has just been pronounced by an impartial tribunal to be an absolute failure. The Act of 1879, it must be remembered, introduced no new principle into our jurisprudence. Indictments have always run in the name of the Crown, though any one may bring any one else before a magistrate, and though, even if the magistrate will not commit, he may send up a Bill to the Grand Jury. Cases of real or assumed importance to the community at large have usually been taken up and conducted by the Treasury at the direct cost of the taxpayer, whereas private prosecutors must get their expenses from the county, which again recovers them from the imperial exchequer. Since 1879, as before, prosecutions which were considered sufficiently grave or difficult have been instituted by the Solicitor to the Treasury, the only difference being that the Director of Public Prosecutions was first consulted. It was no doubt thought that the new machinery would of itself increase the number of cases managed by Government, and remove the prevalent dissatisfaction with a capricious and irregular administration of criminal justice. These expectations have, however, been completely falsified by events. Sir JOHN MAULE, less from any fault of his own

than from the inherent weakness of his position, has been assailed by constant complaints, and has certainly contrived in a remarkable degree to leave undone those things which he ought not to have done. The Committee find that "the existing system—which in its inception was necessarily of a tentative character—requires modification and development." For "modification and development" we should propose to read "abolition and reconstruction."

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT announced on Monday night, in reply to Mr. MONK, that the Government contemplated introducing a Bill to carry out the recommendations of the Report. It therefore becomes the more important to scrutinize what the Committee have recommended. "It appears to us," they say, "that it would conduce both to efficiency and economy if the duty of deciding in which cases the State should undertake the prosecution were united in the same department with that upon which is devolved the duty of practically conducting the prosecution when determined on." This means a return to the old system, and a simple admission that the new system has failed. The Committee might, of course, have proposed that the Director of Public Prosecutions should have the entire conduct of prosecutions, and should annex to his own duties those now undertaken by the Treasury itself. But this, as they justly point out, would involve great waste of time and labour; and, indeed, there can be but one answer to the question which the Committee propound. If the alternative be between giving the Director the powers of the Treasury and giving the Treasury the powers of the Director, there cannot be much difficulty in choosing. Those who believe in the necessity of a Public Prosecutor would, of course, dissent from both proposals. The particular solution of the difficulty which the Committee advise is to make the Solicitor to the Treasury Director of Public Prosecutions, as he has already been made Queen's Proctor in matrimonial causes. Mr. STEPHENSON is, no doubt, fully prepared for the adequate discharge of any responsibilities which may be cast upon him. But a mere amalgamation of offices ought not to satisfy the public, as it will not meet the points which have been raised. Mr. STEPHENSON would, according to this scheme, be the sole head of what the Committee call the "consolidated department." He would superintend the conduct of business, both civil and criminal, being called Director of Public Prosecutions and Solicitor to the Treasury. Under him would be two assistant solicitors, one presiding over civil, the other over criminal, affairs. Sir JOHN MAULE's department now costs the country four thousand a year; and the money can certainly be saved without impairing the efficiency of the public service. The Committee go on to recommend the appointment of district prosecutors throughout the country, and are obviously disposed to believe that the Scotch institution of Procurators Fiscal might be advantageously adopted on this side of the Tweed. But the Committee recoil in horror from the cost, and do not venture to propose the expenditure requisite for the purpose. The Committee find that the chief merit of the Scotch system, which is also adopted to some extent in Ireland, lies in its securing a report of every offence being made, as soon as it occurs, to some central authority. The Committee believe that this end may be secured by calling upon all chief constables and chief officers of police to furnish the Solicitor to the Treasury with a list of all indictable offences committed within their district. The Solicitor to the Treasury may then either conduct the prosecution himself or entrust some local lawyer with it.

Such are the main outlines of the scheme which the Committee recommend. They further suggest that the new Director of Public Prosecutions shall undertake every capital case, and every case which he thinks is unlikely to be efficiently conducted by other means. The "London Agencies" now employed would be abolished, and the Committee anticipate a considerable saving from the adoption of their plan. No doubt the Act of 1879 has been extravagant as well as impracticable. As a mere question of machinery the Committee's scheme may be better than the present. The HOME SECRETARY and the Law Officers of the Crown, assisted by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Sir HENRY HOLLAND, Mr. GORST, Mr. HENRY FOWLER, and Mr. FRANK MOWATT, could scarcely help making some valuable recommendations. But we miss from their Report any real recognition of the principle on which the State ought to act. They halt, like the last Parliament, between two opinions. There is something to be said for leaving the

criminal law to be set in motion by the party injured or his representatives. It has, however, been found impossible to abide by this doctrine. The very facts that there is at this present moment a Director of Public Prosecutions, and that the Solicitor to the Treasury does not confine himself to protecting the interests of the Government, are enough to show that the State recognizes its duty in punishing as well as detecting crime. But the present arrangement is a makeshift, which is practically inconvenient, as well as theoretically indefensible. There is nothing to ensure the intelligent conduct of an ordinary prosecution. In the country the proceedings are usually undertaken by the police. The evidence is apt to be collected and arranged in a very slovenly way. Sometimes a copy of the depositions taken before the magistrates is handed to counsel, without a word of explanation, just before the commencement of the trial. There is no reason why offences should not be hushed up, or proceedings compromised, without the consent, or even the knowledge, of any one representing the public. On the other hand, a prosecution may be instituted by any one. The Attorney-General has indeed the right to interpose, but he never does, and, if he did, his action would be regarded with some suspicion. It is easy enough to account for this historically. It dates from a time when there was no distinction between crimes and torts, when the vindication of the law was regarded as part of the wild justice of revenge. Nowadays the State is expected and invited to do a great many queer things, and to make large encroachments upon what used to be considered the sphere of individual action. Yet it hesitates to take upon its shoulders the protection of the public against crime and outrage. Surely this is a matter which belongs to the legitimate functions of Government. The Committee appear to think that a slight change of machinery will remove all difficulties. In this, we think, they are gravely mistaken. The criminal law is not the sort of weapon to be left in the hands of TOM, DICK, and HARRY; nor can men be trusted to undertake what is of no personal advantage to them.

THE ANARCHY IN ZULULAND.

THE Government has once more formally refused to assume control or responsibility in Zululand outside the Reserve; but Lord DERBY acknowledges the duty of defending the territory which was grudgingly appropriated or admitted to protection by his predecessor. A few additional troops have been placed at the disposal of the Resident; and in all probability the Usutus and their Boer allies will avoid a direct collision with the English authorities. It is greatly to be regretted that Lord KIMBERLEY capriciously excluded from English protection one half of the district which was recommended as desirable by Sir H. BULWER. A still better arrangement would have been the establishment of a Protectorate over the whole of CETEWAYO's former dominions; but the English Government has of late almost always shrunk with virtuous horror from any course of action which tended at the smallest risk to prevent bloodshed. The Reserve itself has not been wholly exempt from alarms, and on one occasion at least Mr. OSBORNE seems to have been engaged in actual conflict; but after all disasters and humiliations the English flag will for the present probably inspire respect. The statement that USIBEPU has taken refuge in the Reserve is officially confirmed; and his late defeat is evidently decisive, as his force was unable to resist the Boer sharpshooters. It appears that the Usutus were at first defeated; but the battle was restored by a formidable contingent of five hundred Boers. Even if he could hope to retrieve the disaster, he could not be allowed to use territory which is virtually English as a base for warlike enterprises. In the early part of the native war he was generally successful; and it was from him that the unfortunate CETEWAYO incurred the defeats which resulted in his death.

As far as he acted on the defensive USIBEPU was in the right, for his title to the province which he held was originally conferred by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY; and it was lately recognized by the terms which were imposed on CETEWAYO as conditions of his restoration. The exceptional favour which was shown to USIBEPU was wholly to be attributed to the natural strength of his position. The country which he ruled was at the opposite extremity of Zululand from the frontier of Natal; and it seemed prudent to give a legal title to a petty potentate who could not be conveniently dethroned. The exiled KING, with an ex-

cusable misapprehension of legal and ethical principles, persuaded himself that the conditions which he was compelled to accept were for that reason not binding. In London, and again at Capetown, he plainly intimated his purpose of claiming the whole of his former dominions; and, on his arrival in the country, he immediately made preparations for invading the territory of his former vassal. JOHN DUNN, against whom he was still more embittered, was for the time out of his reach in the Reserve; and, although none of the chiefs showed enthusiasm in his cause, USIBEPU was the most prominent of his opponents. It is not certain whether the restored KING, or the chieftain whom he regarded as a rebel, first began hostilities; but USIBEPU, who seems to possess some military aptitude, at once assumed the offensive. In several combats and skirmishes he obtained considerable advantage; and at last he drove his enemy out of his principal stronghold; and, on the death of the KING, he might have been supposed to be absolutely secure in his possessions. It is not improbable that he may have been encouraged by his victory to enlarge his pretensions; but it is now doubtful whether he will be able to retain his own possessions.

It soon appeared that the so-called party of the KING was not dissolved by his death. His own special tribe continued the war under the command of a chief who had been called CETEWAYO's Minister; and perhaps the belligerents themselves may not have clearly defined the issues for which they have since been fighting. Even among civilized nations the causes and objects of war have often shifted during the course of a prolonged struggle. The Zulus have probably blood feuds to prosecute, and losses of cattle to revenge, even when they are not contending for disputed lands or for local supremacy. Their new petty quarrels will now be superseded by the more ambitious schemes of the victorious Boers. A state of internal war may probably have been the normal condition of the Zulus before they were drilled into a single military force by CETEWAYO or his ancestors. If the English Government had thought fit to accept the almost unanimous advice of its own agents, USIBEPU and his adversaries might, perhaps, not even have wished to break the peace. When a Colonial Secretary complacently declares that he is not the keeper of a barbarous chieftain in his neighbourhood, he may sometimes repudiate an important moral duty. If a Power which ought to be paramount abdicates its proper functions, the consequences to itself and its subjects are often serious, especially if there is a possible rival who may not be equally scrupulous or timid. It would probably not have been necessary to send even a small military force into the Reserve if the different Zulu chiefs had been in the first instance peremptorily forbidden to prosecute their quarrels. Mr. GLADSTONE himself can scarcely claim for the Usutus or their opponents the privileges accorded to the surviving Arabs of the Soudan as patriots fighting for their freedom. Permitted anarchy is, even to warlike savages, a more than questionable boon; and in this instance the policy of the English Government had been the origin of the civil war and of its more alarming consequences.

Unfriendly moralists and foreign critics may be inclined to hope that retribution is following close on an alternate display of officious interference and deliberate neglect. If the feuds of the Zulus are regarded with selfish indifference, the extension of the territory of the adventurous Boers involves an obvious danger. Those who set CETEWAYO loose to attack his enemies might have foreseen that the weaker combatant would, if he found himself in difficulties, resort to the protection of his formidable neighbours. The Boers, who have long claimed a portion of the north-western territory of the Zulus, would perhaps in any case have profited by the refusal of England to assume the sovereignty of the whole country. A convenient opportunity for swarming over the frontier was furnished by the native dissensions. For some time past Boer Volunteers have been fighting in alliance with the KING's party; and, according to one improbable account, there were Dutch auxiliaries on both sides in a recent battle. The rumour perhaps merely indicates the impartiality with which the Boers regard the respective claims of USIBEPU and of the Usutus. Every volunteer is really fighting for his own hand; but success appears by a natural consequence to have increased their pretensions. The appointment of DINIZULU as King in the place of his father is both substantially and formally a claim of sovereign power. It is impossible to forget that a similar assertion of supremacy was made on behalf of the English Government when Mr. SHEPSTONE assisted at the enthronement of

CETEWAYO. On that occasion it might be doubtful whether, in assisting to crown the hereditary leader of a powerful army, the English agent was recognizing existing facts, or conferring an additional title. **DINIZULU**, who has no considerable force at his disposal, must consider himself the dependent of his foreign benefactors. In the probable contingency of border disputes between the Zulus and the occupiers of the Reserve or the colonists in Natal, it may be difficult to avoid collision with their patrons and allies. It is also not improbable that the territory of one or both of the South African Republics may be extended at the expense of the native population and to the detriment of English settlers. The most serious result of a timid policy is that for the first time doubts are arising as to the loyalty of the Dutch colonists in Natal. Many of them are said to have joined the invading force before or after the defeat of **USIBEFU**; but their number may perhaps have been exaggerated by rumour.

The reception of the Transvaal deputation in Holland and in Germany was not encouraging to English political optimists. **MR. KRUGER** and his colleagues had succeeded in obtaining from the Colonial Office almost all the concessions which they desired; and **LORD DERBY** can scarcely be blamed for allowing the inevitable consequences of the wretched surrender made by his present colleagues before he became a member of the Cabinet. The delegates had the satisfaction of securing the nominal independence of their country; and they surrendered little or nothing in exchange. Their diplomatic communications with other Governments appear to have been equally successful. They have apparently not negotiated a loan in the Netherlands; but they have arranged with the Portuguese for the construction of a railway which will give them access to the sea; and they were received at Berlin with a condescending enthusiasm which must have surprised themselves. The attentions which were paid to the deputation by **PRINCE BISMARCK**, and by the **EMPEROR** himself, would require no comment if there were not grounds for believing that the German Government is disposed to engage in large enterprises of colonization. It is of course impossible to dispute the right of other European Powers to imitate the enterprises which have resulted in the creation of the English Empire. It may nevertheless be allowable to regret the probable extension of colonial and commercial rivalry. In general it may be said that every civilized encroachment on barbarism is in a great degree directed against English trade. It is with this object that the French prosecute conquests in Madagascar and in Tonquin. The annexation by Germany of the comparatively unimportant district of **Angra Pequena** may be the first instalment of a system of formidable aggression.

DISUSED BURIAL-GROUNDS.

MR. HANNAY'S decision on Tuesday as to the Peel Grove case must not be taken as in any sense conclusive. The facts of the case were only incidentally before him. It was not denied that a **MR. KELDAY**, now dead, having made all the money he could out of a graveyard which belonged to him, wished and intended to build over it without removing the bodies. The ground now belongs to **MR. CHAMBERS**, a builder, who proposes to carry out **MR. KELDAY'S** intentions. The Metropolitan Board of Works, in consequence, summoned him for a breach of their by-law forbidding the erection of dwelling-houses on land filled up or covered with "material mixed or impregnated with animal matter." The defence set up was that this by-law does not apply, and it is upon this question that **MR. HANNAY'S** decision was given. It is satisfactory to know that he expressed his willingness to grant a case for the higher Court; and no doubt we shall hear more of the matter. As things stand now, it seems, there is no law which will restrain a man from building on ground absolutely made up of decaying bodies. He may not disturb them. The Common Law forbids it as a misdemeanour. But he may, if he please, build houses on them and let those houses to people willing to take them. The history of the Peel Grove Cemetery is well known. It has been before the public for a long time, and there is something to be said for the defendant's side of the case, the more so as it was the previous owner who first made the ground a cemetery, and who subsequently cleared it of tombstones and prepared it for building. He is reported to have made a considerable sum by the burial of at least twenty thousand bodies in his ground. He opened it in 1844. The cholera

epidemic of 1849 was especially severe at the East End, and thousands of the smitten were buried in the Peel Grove Cemetery, which was situated in Old Ford Road, not far from where the Bethnal Green Museum now stands. In 1855 the little plot was so full that the bodies lay eight deep, the coffins being shoulder to shoulder. The Board interfered, and obtained an Order in Council to restrain **MR. KELDAY** from permitting any further burials. This source of income being thus dried up, **MR. KELDAY**, after a brief interval, had the ground cleared. The tombstones were removed, and a mortuary chapel, in which burial services had been held, was pulled down. The ground had never been formally consecrated, and was, so far as the tombstones and chapel were concerned, entirely in the power of the freeholder, thus affording another example of the excellent effects of multiplying small estates in London, in accordance with the views of some enlightened politicians. Next a notice appeared inviting the deposit of rubbish. Soon a new surface was obtained by this means, and the cemetery was forgotten. The owner then made an attempt to sell the "deserted piece of ground," as it was described before **MR. HANNAY**, for building purposes, and actually succeeded in finding a purchaser for a portion. The Board, however, interfered. The present state of the case was tersely put by the defendant's counsel, **MR. GAINSFORD BRUCE, Q.C.** **MR. BESLEY**, for the Board, inquired if there was any way by which the building could be stopped otherwise than by the course now taken. **MR. BRUCE** replied:—"Under the Metropolitan Open Spaces Act, 1881, you can stop it if you pay compensation to the owner. You want to stop it without paying." He went on to show, and he showed successfully, in the opinion of the magistrate, that the words of the by-law do not meet the case. The defendant had complied with a letter he had received from the Surveyor of the Board, and had removed any objectionable matter found "between the surface and the bottom of the foundation." The objectionable matter was not human bodies, but only, in **MR. HANNAY'S** words, "dead cats, cabbage stalks, and other fetid substances." That is to say, the Board can prevent a building from being erected on the body of a dead cat, but not on the body of a dead man. This reduction to an absurdity is, it seems, law, though it cannot by any stretch of the reasoning powers be considered right. Meanwhile, pending the decision of a higher Court, and pending the possibility of the Board seeing its way to compensating the landlord, it is satisfactory to learn that a Bill dealing with such cases as this, and, in fact, mentioning the Peel Grove Cemetery by name, is before the House of Commons. "Before the House of Commons" does not mean much in these days of tactless leadership. It depends somewhat on which M.P. has charge of the Bill whether it will pass in time to restrain the speculative builder. **SIR JAMES HOGG** may succeed where others would fail. But since it is certain that if houses are built they will be inhabited, and is equally certain that not even concrete will prevent the dissemination of poisonous gas from bodies some of which have not yet been thirty years buried, it is much to be hoped that the Bill will be passed at once. In **DR. CORFIELD'S** lecture on Thursday week at the Health Exhibition he expressly mentioned the miasmatic character acquired by ground infected with the germs of choleraic poison. The Peel Grove Cemetery answers exactly to the learned Professor's description. **MR. HANNAY'S** decision may have the effect of calling attention to it.

FRANCE.

FOREIGNERS, and particularly Englishmen, are most concerned for the moment in watching the development of what are called at Paris the legitimate interests of France. By a well-established tradition its politics are judged to become dull when they cease to be revolutionary. It is true that this is not often the case, but there have been intervals of stagnation, and, superficially at least, it looks as if the French are in the middle of one now. In foreign politics these breaks are of even rarer occurrence. They happen just after a disastrous war. At other times the French are engaged in rounding off their property, and, as it is long enough since the war with Germany for that process to have begun again, there is nothing surprising in the fact that it is in full swing. Tonquin is settled for a year or two, and now it is the turn of Madagascar. **ADMIRAL GALIBER** has not succeeded better than **ADMIRAL**

PIERRE in bringing the Hovas to submission, and, accordingly, the soldiers who took Bacinh and Sontay are, if all tales be true, going to settle that little difficulty at Antananarivo. They will have their work cut out for them; but they will certainly effect more than the squadron which has tried to terrify the Hovas by bombarding a third party. Taken in connexion with the highly moral language used at Paris, this spectacle is diverting and instructive. While the French are feeling the most intensely virtuous disgust at the exorbitant demands of England, they are starting on a war of conquest which was set going by nobody knows what, in defence of interests which had never existed except on paper. Meanwhile, M. ORDEGA has apparently succeeded perfectly in his little *coup* in Morocco. The Sherief of WAZAN has become the man of the French Republic, and a rectification of frontier is in progress. Adventures of this kind are apt to lead to all sorts of results, but for the present their chief importance lies in the apt illustration they afford of the truth that whoever wishes to keep on good terms with France must make his mind up to play Sir PETER to her Lady TEAZLE. If he yields everything, he will be rewarded with smiles and the privilege of drawing unlimited cheques. If he grows restive, there will be tears, scolding, and endless racket in the house. Just at a time when a heaven-sent Minister is trying the effect of long-suffering with a Power which always asks for everything, and proposes to give nothing, it is as well to be reminded of these things. When the long-expected proposals to be laid before the Conference are at last made public, it will be very surprising if it does not appear that France in Egypt is very like France in Madagascar and Morocco.

The Army Bill, which is about to go up from the Chamber of Deputies to the Senate, is in detail a forbidding subject enough. All Army Bills are apt to lead to debates bristling with figures, which are capable of proving anything, according as they are used. We have a painful experience of the barrenness of such discussions ourselves. Lords and Commons are both given to showing, at least once or twice in every Session, how completely the essential can be lost sight of in the course of a wrangle over figures. Thanks to the Frenchman's love of a general principle, there is no doubt about the question at issue in the Chamber. M. PAUL BERT has set it forth with the most absolute precision. The Army Bill is, of course, meant to improve the army; but that is comparatively a minor object. What it is to do in the first place is to perfect the democratic equality of France by compelling everybody without distinction to serve his three years in the ranks. This heroic measure may secure a better body of non-commissioned officers. M. BERT, and his fellow-democrat the MINISTER of WAR, hope and believe it will; but they are quite sure that it will put a stop for ever to the exemptions enjoyed by the *bourgeoisie* and other "favourites of fortune." The scientific deputy naturally insists most on the wholesome moral effects of the Bill, while General CAMPENON has referred at least occasionally to its possible good qualities as a military law, but in the main they agree. When the Chamber shows signs of growing restive, the General, who is fond of posing as the rough and honest soldier, threatens them with the next election, and talks about the selfishness of the favourites of fortune. The Chamber murmurs a little, and then yields. It has acted throughout like a body of men who are being driven to do what they believe unwise by sheer fear. At the bottom of its heart it does not believe that the Bill will improve the army, and it does know that a universal obligation to serve three years in the ranks will put a weight on learning, science, art, and the higher industries in France such as they suffer from nowhere else. It will fill the army with men to whom military service in peace is an almost insufferable burden, and if it gets over the difficulty of finding non-commissioned officers, it will be because educated men think it better to spend the time they must pass in the barracks as servants and corporals rather than as common soldiers. When these objections are made, the MINISTER of WAR has one answer—all Frenchmen must be made equal in all things, and the Chamber obeys. The deputies coquetted with the amendment of M. DURAND, who proposed to exempt the pupils of the *École Normale Supérieure*; they gave a half-hearted support to M. LANESSAN, who wished to give exemptions to those who could pass certain examinations at the end of one or two years' service. They have looked at one amendment after another intended to

modify the pedantic uniformity of the Bill, but they have done no more. Common sense and courage may return to the terrified representatives of the people; but up to the present they have committed themselves completely by accepting the clauses fixing the duration of military service at three years, and by rejecting all possible forms of exemption except those of a purely physical kind. When M. THIERS passed the military laws of 1872, he insisted on the folly of supposing that the German system could be bodily transported to France. Events have plentifully justified his opinion. His own modified imitation has failed to produce a satisfactory army, and now general military service is being made the means of producing something as little German as may be—a democratic universal dead level. In Germany the first consideration is the efficiency of the army. In France that is considered after the meaner feelings of the constituencies.

The Senate in dealing with the question of divorce has, as might be expected, shown the other side of the French character. Frenchmen are conservative almost to timidity in all that touches property or the family. They have an instinctive feeling that it is only their profound respect for their primary institutions which has kept France from falling to pieces in the continual changes of the last century. When the Senate was at last persuaded to pass a Bill permitting the dissolution of marriage, it determined to do it in the most conservative possible way. It has gone back to the Civil Code of the Revolution as it was before the reaction of 1816. To a certain extent it has been influenced by knowing that the country is more likely to accept the old Civil Code, which has an imposing name, than the ideas of M. NAQUET. On the whole, however, it has probably taken the old law simply because it thought that the old law made divorce quite easy enough. Even the distinction drawn by former legislators between the adultery of the wife and the adultery of the husband has been left untouched. Englishmen at least will not deny that the Senate has chosen the right course in the main; but one of the provisions of the Divorce Bill seems curiously calculated to defeat its own object. If the Bill passes unchanged through the Chamber of Deputies, it will prohibit marriage between the divorced wife and the person who appeared at the trial as co-respondent. It has been generally supposed that the risk of having to contract an undesirable marriage under pressure of social opinion acts as a check on Don JUAN. Even severe moralists may fail to see what is gained by refusing sinners all chance of making some sort of atonement to society and to one another. The Senate is not of that opinion. It thinks that enough will be done if the husband can rid himself of his wife, and it leaves Don JUAN the same invulnerable person as before. The question is perhaps chiefly one of sentiment, and Frenchmen must be supposed to know what they want their society to be; but to Englishmen it does appear as if French ideas of morality were fearfully and wonderfully made.

THE CLAIMS OF THE CYCLISTS.

THE cyclists, as becomes a fraternity whose very name is a challenge to the timid etymologist, have shown themselves judiciously moderate in their demand for an extension of their locomotive privileges. They keenly feel, it seems, their exclusion from the metropolitan Parks, and they are seeking to gain entrance to them; but they have very wisely abstained from the attempt to force their way into all of them in any high-handed and premature fashion. They have evidently been looking forward for some time to obtaining admission for their vehicles to these hitherto forbidden spots, as for their name into the dictionary; and as a mere matter of convenience we shall have to admit them both. In the meantime their attitude has been essentially one of sweet reasonableness. Lord BURV, who the other day introduced the deputation from the National Cyclists' Union to Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, prefaced his remarks by the acknowledgment that it would be unadvisable to ask for the admission of velocipedes to the Hyde Park, the Green Park, and St. James's Park, but he thought that the FIRST COMMISSIONER might not be adverse to admitting them to Finsbury, Battersea, and Victoria Parks under certain regulations, and also to the Regent's Park. So careful indeed was the spokesman of the cyclists to seclude his brethren from temptations which might be too strong for their civic virtue, that he re-

frained from asking for the privilege of using the whole of the Park last mentioned. There was, he observed with a certain embarrassment, a "rather tempting circle round "Regent's Park which might be used for racing, and this "he should think rather unadvisable, but if their vehicles "were allowed to enter on the south-west corner and to go "round the Park to the north-east corner, that would "probably obviate racing or other objectionable practices." To these requests the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS made a most statesmanlike reply. He complimented the deputation on "the temperate manner in which they had put "forward their views"; glanced briefly at the mechanical distinction between bicycles and tricycles, while expressing, "after having given full attention to the subject," his concurrence with the deputation in thinking that it would be unadvisable to discriminate administratively between the two vehicles; and, finally, acceded to the application on the three conditions, that racing should be forbidden, that nothing like parades or "processions" should be permitted, and that the admission of cyclists should be only for the purposes of "traffic," and not for the purposes of exercise.

These reservations of the FIRST COMMISSIONER are in substance so commendable that it seems ungracious to criticize their wording. We forbear, therefore, to dwell upon the somewhat startling conception of a cyclist using the Park for "purposes of traffic"; and substituting "transit," *nostro periculo*, for the word selected by Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, we may say at once that he has here not only laid down the sole conditions under which "cycling" in places of public resort is at all tolerable, but has, in our judgment, accurately defined the only sensible and legitimate use of the cyclist's machine. For practically it is by no means the truism it looks to insist upon the fact that the sole end and aim of him who mounts a bicycle or tricycle is, or should be, to increase his powers of locomotion. The necessity of Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE's prohibition—not so much of races, which, though intolerable in public, may yet be indulged in with a practical purpose, but of "parades" and "processions"—is a proof of the corruption which has crept over the simplicity of the original idea. The "knickerbockers," the "Norfolk jacket," the silver whistle, in more extreme cases the imitation hunting horn, were all so many signs to the reflective observer that poor human vanity was beginning to lift its head in the breast of the once unaffected and at first even diffident cyclist. The pedestrian soon became conscious, as the practice of velocipede-riding increased, that those who in the early days of the movement were wont to steal past him on their machines with eyes averted and modest deprecatory smile, now bore down upon him with majestic deliberation, looking the whole world in the face, as those who fear not any man. But the cyclists have long passed beyond the limits of a modest confidence. They have, many of them, become a great deal too fond of using their skill for mere purposes of display; and this naturally brings them with too great frequency and, what is worse, in too great numbers into the more crowded haunts of men. They come now like misfortune (which, indeed, under such conditions they represent), no longer as single spies but in battalions; and though in the former order of approach they had long ceased to be a horror to horseflesh or an annoyance to humanity, it is not so with them in their new methods. The sight of a bevy of some dozen uniformed, and too often spindle-shanked, youths careering along a crowded thoroughfare has become undesirably common of late; and it is to be hoped that Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE's prohibition of these displays in the Parks may put the performers upon seriously reconsidering their ways in other places of public resort. The bicycle was not permitted, in the providential order of human affairs, to be invented for the gratification of man's vanity, but for the conveyance of his body swiftly and without fatigue from place to place; and to the tricyclist, though it might well have been deemed unnecessary to caution the riders of these more prosaic vehicles against proud looks and a high stomach, the same remark applies and must be addressed. The desire of the cyclists to use the remoter Parks for the purpose of transit alone is perfectly reasonable; and the concessions which the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS has made to them are the less open on that account to the possibility of cavil.

TALKING OUT.

THE conduct of the Government in reference to Mr. WOODALL's Franchise Clause seemed to have reached the climax of eccentricity; but a fresh step was added to the ladder on Wednesday last. Mr. GLADSTONE was in a thoroughly characteristic vein when, commenting on Mr. STEVENSON's proposal to introduce a new form of Clôture, he divided and subdivided courses of proceeding, made pathetic allusions to the nearly approaching time when all these things would be as one with him, and finally stated that just for the rest of the Session the Government did not mind trying Mr. STEVENSON's scheme. Two or three other members spoke, and then a subordinate Minister got up and made the astonishing announcement that, though it was quite true that Mr. GLADSTONE had said one Session, he really meant two Sessions. Even the present House of Commons could hardly be expected to endure this kind of treatment; and, despite the very peculiar support received from Ministers, and Mr. GLADSTONE's kind demonstration of the reasonableness of his plan, Mr. STEVENSON was defeated. That was a good thing in itself; but it was almost a less remarkable thing than the demonstration given of the business-like habits and aptitudes of this God-granted Government.

The defeat of the plan was, however, wholly satisfactory in and by itself. In the first place, nothing could well be more unreasonable than this hard and fast limitation of debate on one particular day, at one particular time, and for one particular class of measures. Again, as was duly pointed out in the debate itself, the conditions of the proposal practically substituted one mode of talking out for another. Wednesday measures rarely or never stand alone, and a determined talker-out has only, under Mr. STEVENSON's scheme of an enforced division at five on anything that has been reached at two, got to talk vigorously on the first measure of the list, whatever it may be, to make the chance of the others even more hopeless than at present. Yet again, Mr. W. FOWLER remarked, with some *naïveté*, that "any member who brought in a measure on Wednesday was "next door to an idiot." This is a large generalization; but it may be said, more cautiously, that, though many excellent measures have been brought in on Wednesdays, the greater number are such as, *à priori*, idiots (supposing there to be any such in the House of Commons) are most likely to bring in and support. The occasional loss of a good Bill is made up to reasonable politicians by the opportunities of defeating many mischievous or futile Bills. The danger of the present day is not under- but over-legislation, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's appetite for divisions is not shared by politicians who are less occupied in constructing something called Tory democracy out of Tory words and democratic ideas. The main objection to the scheme, however—and it is a more than sufficient one—is the impolicy of restrictions, and especially restrictions of this extremely artificial and petty character, on the freedom of Parliament in the supposed interests of legislation. Mr. GLADSTONE said one sensible thing in his speech, though it was from him a rather unexpected one, and that is that the proceedings of Parliament will never be really improved by coercive measures. They most assuredly will not; and it does not make the application of coercion more desirable that it is applied in a form so insignificant, so fussy, and in all probability so self-destructive, as that which Mr. STEVENSON proposed, which Mr. GLADSTONE argued for, and which he then proposed to try for half-a-dozen Wednesdays, leaving word subsequently that, after all, he meant two Sessions.

THE FRANCHISE BILL.

THE date approximately fixed by the PRIME MINISTER's "men" for the completion of the passage of the Franchise Bill through the House of Commons has, of course, proved to be inaccurate. That might have been expected from any intelligent consideration of the origin and obvious purpose of the misleading fixture. Events have simply declined to keep an appointment which was made without consulting, and with no intention to consult, their requirements in the way of time. It was a characteristic stroke of Ministerialist tactics to pretend that one most important stage of an important Bill could be completed, and two others easily got through in addition to it, within the limits of the past week. This *coup*, we say, was characteristic, for the simple reason that it

was insidious in conception, and was intended to produce invidious results. The mind of an inattentive public having been once familiarized with the anticipation that the Franchise Bill would be through the Lower House before the week was out, it must follow, as the night the day, that nothing but the wicked obstruction of Toryism could account for its still delaying its departure to the House of Lords. So industriously, indeed, has the appeal to prejudice been worked, that the late addition of some half-dozen new amendments to the Notice Paper has at once been represented to be part of a deep-laid scheme for retaining the Franchise Bill in the House of Commons until a debate could be taken on Egyptian policy. Imputations such as this last it is, of course, impossible to meet. It would be sufficient in the case of an ordinary accuser to point out to him that the burden of proving that a legitimate exercise of Parliamentary privilege has been prompted by an indirect and unavowed motive rests upon him. But this course is ineffectual with the Radical censor, who cheerfully accepts the duty thus imposed upon him and discharges it much as Lord PETER demonstrated the doctrine of Transubstantiation to JACK and MARTIN. He confines himself to the "one plain argument" that the facts are as he represents them to be; and there is an end of the matter.

It is just possible, however, that some bolder disciples of the Ministerial teachers may obey an ill-regulated impulse to examine the facts for themselves; if so, they may conceivably come to the conclusion that, so far from the close of the Committee on the Franchise Bill having been unduly delayed, it has been, if anything, rather imprudently hastened. It was only yesterday week that Ministers made what they themselves regard as a most important announcement with reference to the date at which the Bill is to come into operation; the result of which was that a new clause which has been on the Paper and engaged attention for weeks disappeared, and another immediately succeeded to its place. The substitution of Mr. FOWLER's for Mr. ALBERT GREY's proposal was rather talked about than debated in the night to which we have referred, and though it came up again for somewhat more regular discussion since then, it would be absurd to contend that it has been over-debated, and even a little hazardous to assume that it has been debated enough. Among the first duties of a vigilant Opposition, in this as in every case of mysterious official compromise, is the ascertainment, if possible, of the reasons which have recommended it to the Ministerial mind. *Prima facie*, there is not so much difference between the postponement of the operation of the Franchise Bill for one year and its postponement for two as to make Ministers who have objected so strongly to the one accept the other. Mr. GLADSTONE's pretended discrimination between the merits of the two proposals was as daringly nugatory as many other propositions which he submits to a despised House of Commons. To argue against a two years' postponement of the Bill on the ground that it may involve the holding of a seventh Session of Parliament, inasmuch as it would not bind the Government to do the work of redistribution next year, involves a fallacy so exclusively adapted to the mind of childhood that it surely ought to have deceived no one. The holding of a seventh Session for the purpose in question could only be rendered necessary by the default of the Government themselves; and if the Government intend or expect to make such default, they are not less, they are perhaps more, likely to do so when they have only one Session for the work of redistribution than when they have two. And, again, to argue that because Mr. ALBERT GREY's clause would not any more than Mr. FOWLER's afford Parliament absolute security for the passing of a Redistribution Bill before the next election—to argue from this that the adoption of the latter by the Government in preference to the former is a matter of no importance to the Opposition, is to suggest a confusion between the objective and subjective significance of human actions. A choice between two courses which may be represented as identical in their results may itself be of the utmost import as an indication of the mind of the chooser. We may have to take a man's word instead of his bond, but it would be preposterous to argue that, because no form of words could give us valid security, we need not mind whether he does or does not show, as between two formulas of promise, preference for that which will be the easier to evade.

After all, it comes back to this. If the Government

sincerely intend to attempt a fair and reasonable redistribution of seats next Session, why should they object to a two years' postponement of the Bill? They would have the remedy in their own hands; and could ensure that Mr. ALBERT GREY's proposal should not in fact delay the operation of the measure any longer than it will be delayed by Mr. FOWLER's. To suggest, as has been since suggested by them or on their behalf, that one Session may not suffice for the mere deliberative work of redistribution in the House of Commons is to overshoot the mark, as far as it was overshoot by the instructor of RASSELAS. Such reasoning would, if it succeeded, convince us that it is impossible to pass a Redistribution Bill at all, just as the Prince of Abyssinia was convinced that "it was impossible to be a poet." The true motives of the Government, however, are only by courtesy to be ignored. They are really identical with those avowed on their behalf by that kind of provincial Radical who shares with children and another class of persons, with whom we would not be understood to confound him, the honourable distinction of always speaking the truth. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS objects to postponing the operation of the Bill even for one year, because it is conceivable that the Government might fall next Session, and the Conservatives, coming into power, obtain the control of the work of redistribution; and where, asks Mr. COLLINGS, ingeniously, "should we"—that is, the Radicals—"be then?" Where, indeed? Where would the immortal inventor of "Gerrymandering"—not, as is too often thought, an imaginary JEREMIAH MANDERS, but a real GERRY—have been under similar circumstances? Let the echo of the halls of the Four Hundreds answer—Where? Undoubtedly, however, the consideration which makes Mr. GLADSTONE prefer the figure one to the figure two is the same which determines Mr. COLLINGS's preference for zero. It is in order to make more certain of retaining the power to offer the House of Commons precisely such a scheme of redistribution as may suit the interests of the Government, with the alternative to them of either accepting it or submitting to dissolution, with the vast and formless new electorate undistributed. Nor do Mr. GLADSTONE's dark sayings on the subject of the Boundary Commission, which is not to be a Commission, to be appointed in the autumn, tend to remove the uncomfortable suspicion that the Ministerial scheme of redistribution may be a very "ingenious" one indeed.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

IT may be thought a proof of some poverty, either in the English language itself or in the imagination of sporting men, that no appropriate name has ever been found for the competitions now known as athletic sports. The term is in itself just as applicable to rowing, boxing, football, and the whole list of bodily exercises for which training is required, and might, without doing any violence to it, be extended to cricket, fencing, and tennis, for which less preparation of that kind is needed. It might have been expected, in an age when long names are so much in vogue, that one of them could be devised for distinguishing at least running and jumping contests from others in which bodily prowess is tested. Some few attempts were indeed made to do so. There is still, or was till very lately, a weekly journal which recorded the performances of the running-path and kindred pastimes under the title of "Pentathlon." For some years after the rage for these competitions broke out it was almost as common to hear them called "games" as anything else. That term was of course essentially bad; for one of the peculiarities of the contests to which it was applied is the absence of that *esprit de corps* in the players and of those rather intricate rules of play which characterize cricket, football, racquets, and the like. Moreover, a "game" is something at which a person must be supposed to "play"; and such an expression would sound rather grotesque if applied to participation in the grim struggle of a mile race. So the world—or rather that little section of the world which includes the English-speaking races, and which alone produces good runners and jumpers—has agreed to accept "athletic sports" as a conventional phrase, with a strictly limited meaning born of the last twenty years. And most people could now give a tolerably accurate list of the exercises included in the definition. Walking and running of all sorts—as long as it is really running, and not a stupid struggle against human vitality against nature—jumping of all sorts, and combinations of the two, form the most legitimate and interesting items in a programme at athletic grounds. Amongst these have crept in some few others which ought perhaps rather to have been deemed gymnastic feats, and excluded. Such are notably the throwing of the hammer and the putting of the weight, over the admission of which into their annual programme the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had so prolonged a dispute. Pole-jumping seems at first

sight to have no more right than vaulting to be included; but it has been allowed at many prize-meetings, probably for this reason—that it must be practised in the open air, and no trial can take place in a gymnasium, as it can in the case of vaulting. Throwing is a fairly legitimate form of athletic sport, and is retained in the programme of most schools, and some colleges and other places. Probably it would be still more generally encouraged were it not that the cricket-ball thrown by the too eager competitor has a way of taking an erratic course, descending amongst lady spectators, who are thinking of other and perhaps more important matters, and so creating a panic where it is least prudent to do so.

Such, then, are the recognized component parts of a programme for any championship meeting in England and the Colonies, and in America, though at local meetings there are divers importations of other things, as of "tossing the caber" in Scotland. In the matter of running, the distances selected have been, naturally enough, such as to correspond with the common metrical standards—the multiples of the yard for short distances, known as "sprint" races, the mile and its multiples for long distances, and then, intermediate between the two, the chief fractions of the mile. Roughly speaking, too, as it will be seen, the round numbers in point of time have corresponded with the round numbers in the matter of distance—a second for every ten yards, a minute for every five hundred yards, ten minutes for every two miles, an hour for every ten miles—these may be taken as tolerably correct average performances for the first flight of running men. In walking the tests are taken at wider intervals—the mile, which may be reckoned at about seven minutes, for short races, and for long races the hour, which may be taken as worth about seven miles. Jumping competitions are simple affairs, offering no such diversity as running or walking. They must all resolve themselves into the plain, bare question which man can jump the furthest or highest, however tedious and troublesome may be the process by which the answer is arrived at. It is in high jumping that the most injustice seems to be suffered by a man of small stature. One can imagine plenty of reasons why a man with short legs might be better fitted to run a mile race than one with long ones; but it does seem rather hard when we see a prize taken by a six-foot man who has jumped an inch less than his own height, in preference to one who, measuring five feet nine, clears an inch more than that. Standing jumps, with or without weights to assist the jumper, are encouraged at some local meetings; but the best clubs do not pay any attention to them, and nobody feels the loss. Races which contain an element of jumping in them are of only two kinds—hurdle-races and steeplechases. The latter have, owing to various causes, and perhaps especially the trouble involved in arranging a good course, gone for the most part out of fashion; while the former, after being run at various distances and over hurdles of various heights arranged at various intervals, have now assumed a single stereotyped form, and are run pretty invariably over ten flights, three feet and a half high, set up at equal distances in a course of 120 yards. Neither the steeplechase nor the hurdle-race has, somehow or other, ever found favour with professionals, and this branch of athletics is accordingly confined to amateurs. So also, by common agreement, hammer-throwing has come to mean the hurling of a 16 lbs. weight at the end of a wooden handle; and weight-putting, the projection in a particular way of a sphere having a like weight, though in many parts of the country different sorts of weights and different rules are in vogue.

Athletic sports are an exceedingly late importation amongst us—later than any other great outdoor competition between man and man, except cycling and lawn-tennis, if we admit these latter to the list of leading sports. Thirty years ago they were practically unknown amongst amateurs, for the rough rustic games given at local fairs were unimportant and silly affairs. Any of our third-rate performers nowadays would have beaten easily most of the best men of that period. Five minutes was then considered excellent time for a mile. Four and a half is not now thought extraordinary. To jump over a five-barred gate—about 4 ft. high, or less—was then something of a performance. There were, indeed, stories of men who could walk under a bar and then jump over it; but few believed in this exploit, and still fewer had seen it done. Ditches and rivers were shown, 18 or 20 ft. wide, over which some local hero was said to have jumped; but such traditions were received with incredulity, and a jump of 22 ft., such as has frequently been done by amateurs of late years, would have been supposed a complete myth. The immense advance that has been made in the last twenty-five years would be astonishing, if we did not know by the analogy of other exercises how great improvement the human body is capable of making when it is trained from early youth to excel in any particular way. About five-and-twenty years ago these sports had just worked their way into favour in the great public schools. It was two or three years later before they were admitted into the colleges in Oxford, and thence into the University itself. Running paths, except for the use of professional "peds," were then unknown; and the first sports held between the Universities, just twenty years ago, were held on the soft grass of a wet cricket-ground. At that time the rage for all trials of physical strength was at its height; and a host of athletic clubs, good, bad, and indifferent, sprang into existence all over the country. The winners of those days won with performances which have since been thrown into the shade; but, when it is considered how great were their disadvantages, racing and jumping being things of no

honour and repute when they were in their teens, the wonder is rather that they did as well as they did than that younger men should now have managed to eclipse their performances. It is curious to observe how gradually the old feats have been superseded as new men came forward in different lines and from different parts of the world. Very few "records," as they are called, of best performances now date back further than three or four years. One item there is—the hurdle race, not always quite rightly timed—in which a best time is supposed still to have been made in 1865. There are also records for some other unusual and uninteresting distances dating back nearly, or quite as far; but, as a rule, all the feats that were considered good amongst amateurs have been one after another outdone in the last five years. In the professional world it is otherwise; for there has for a long time past been far less encouragement for them than there was even thirty years ago. Thus the leading time for walking one mile still dates from 1874, when it was done considerably under 6½ min. The best time for two miles running goes back to 1863; and in each of these the professionals are still ahead of the amateurs. The same may be said for the half-mile, which was done quickest in 1871 by an Australian "ped." The best time for the 150 yards goes back to 1851; that for 220 yards to 1845; and for 800 yards the record is said to go back to 1826, though the fact that it was then run on Epsom Downs suggests the conclusion that it was run downhill under specially favourable circumstances. One notable record remains to be noticed. It is that of the famous "Deerfoot," whose doings are now more commonly credited to him in his real name of L. Bennett. This man in 1863 ran 10 miles in 51 min. and 26 sec., and in one hour ran 11 miles 970 yards—performances which had never been approached until the present year, when they were very nearly equalled by an amateur.

In looking through the records for the past twenty-five years, both for professionals and amateurs, there occur, as may be expected, a few great names, household words in the athletic world like Eclipse and Flying Dutchman in the annals of the Turf. The mile is probably of all distances that which is most admired as a test of combined speed and endurance. And here for sixteen years, from 1865 to 1881, remained the memory of the great dead-heat between Richards and Lang, who did their mile in 4 min. 17½ sec. The feat was beaten in 1881, but by one second only. Amateurs are now close up to them with 4 min. 19½ sec., done about two years ago. In the "quarter," which also has its admirers, and is deservedly preferred to the "hundred," the amateur Colbeck remained ahead of his class, with 50½ sec., for some thirteen years, until he was completely eclipsed by the great American runner Myers, who got over the distance in the amazing time of 48½ sec., very nearly equalling the best professional time, which dates from 1873. This Myers, with his English rival George, may be said to have revolutionized the history of amateur running. At all distances from 250 to 1,000 yards he stands far ahead of his most formidable competitors in any country. His half-mile is scored at 1 min. 55½ sec., within 2 sec. of the professional already mentioned, and a like time in front of the nearest amateur. At distances over 1,000 yards the Englishman comes to the front. Mr. George, whose name is now prominent in the athletic world, has for some three years past had it all his own way in the mile. He has done that distance under 4 min. 20 sec., and in May this year went far beyond all previous performances at two miles by marking 9 min. 17½ sec. Already in the previous month he had done still better at a longer distance, running the ten miles, under disadvantageous conditions, in 51 min. 26½ sec., within a fraction of a second of the great Deerfoot's time. In walking, the American amateurs have the lead at one and ten miles, and are within a short space of the best professionals. But at seven miles an Englishman is ahead of all amateurs, with about 52½ min., the professional record standing at 51 min. Twenty-one miles have been walked by "peds" more than 10 min. under the three hours, but the best amateur time is a like amount over that.

Records of hurdle-racing and steeplechasing possess no real interest; and the same thing may be said for the hundred yards, which it is virtually impossible to time. But jumping feats are very remarkable, as here the amateurs take for the first time a strong lead over the professional class. Only one of the latter, an American, has ever done over 6 ft.; and the best of them in England has not attained to this. But as long ago as in 1876, at the Oxford and Cambridge sports, Mr. Brooks accomplished the marvellous task of clearing 6 ft. 2½ in., a good five inches more than had ever been done at these contests before. The jump is said to have been since exceeded by a quarter of an inch; but in this sort of contest no fraction of an inch less than a half should fairly count, and the Irishman Davin can hardly claim to be more than equal with Brooks. The same Davin last year cleared 23 ft. 2 in. in width, which is nineteen inches better than the best professional, who is a Canadian, and thirty-three inches better than the best professionals in Great Britain or Ireland. Thus it appears that in this, as in other forms of athleticism, the gentlemen are catching up the players, or at least reducing rapidly the gap there is between them. In jumping, where stature is of advantage and training of little service, they are already well ahead. And in the long-distance races, from two miles to ten miles, they are now on even terms. They are very nearly so in the "quarter" also. Certainly George and Myers are very exceptional specimens of runners. We are not likely soon to see their like again. But now that men of ordinary powers are unlikely ever to beat a record, it has begun to be as probable that a "wonder," such as each of

there men is, should spring up in one class of society as another. We have in these remarks taken no notice of distances over ten miles for running or twenty-one miles for walking. This may seem unfair upon the men who expend their energies upon such big feats. But the legitimate range of athletic sports may be, and is by many people, held to be limited at that boundary where the natural forces of an ordinary individual begin to be overtaxed. Oarsmen do not make matches to row from Oxford to London, or for many hours at a stretch; nor would a fifty-mile match between horses be considered much of a horse-race. Sensational feats or trials of mere physical endurance may be applauded by the multitude; but probably the most sensible and satisfactory rule is to draw the limit about where we have drawn it, and about where it is drawn in the programme of the Championship Meeting which is to begin to-day.

THE BRAGIAN BOLDNESS OF MR. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

THE original speaker of the famous words partly quoted above was not, it is believed, really wroth with Mr. Bailey. Mrs. Gamp, we are told by the historian (for reasons which will appear presently, it is necessary to speak by the card in this article), was "not displeased." In this point, if in no other, the greatest of all Sarahs before our own days was not like Mr. Gladstone nor like Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice on Tuesday last. But it is certain that they both in Parliamentary but energetic language "dressed the bragian boldness" of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett and of Sir Walter Barttelot and of Lord Folkestone. It was Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett who came in for the hardest dratting, and, according to some supporters of the Government, this was very severe indeed. It was indeed so severe that these good-hearted Radicals felt constrained to offer a kind of apology for the provoked statesman who had for the twentieth time or thereabouts annihilated Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, with for the twentieth time or thereabouts the result that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett is not a penny the worse, and as provokingly reminiscent of what a man said on the 24th of April or any day you like as ever. The story of this little episode in the history of the Egyptian question is pleasant for many reasons; and it seems a pity that it should not be enshrined in something more durable than a daily paper and more readable than Hansard. Let us then sing of the bragian boldness of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, and of the wrath of Mr. Gladstone, and of the humanity of the Liberal party, and of the piteous plaints of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Let us see what the majority of the present House of Parliament thinks matter for "cheers and laughter," and learn what Radical newspapers understand by severity, and hear what Mr. Gladstone understands by misquotation, and taste any other pretty little tiny kichsaws that William Cook may have to set before us.

It seems to have escaped some commentators that the fun began on Monday, not Tuesday. It began, too, on a very funny subject—the reported massacre at Berber. That event—which has been expected for nearly two months, and probable for a much longer time, and which the Government could with ease have prevented—is, it seems, a good joke, to be met on the Liberal side of the House of Commons with "loud cheers and laughter." That fifteen hundred stupid blackish or brownish soldier fellows, who, if they had had any sense, would have run away months ago, should have their throats cut, is the height of diversion entirely—not, indeed, to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, who had not on Monday received permission to know anything about it, but to those behind him. The excellence of the jest appears to have been lost on Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett (who is known to all good Liberals to be a man *σφόδρα σπουδὴς τὸν νοῦν*, as one Father of the Church amiably remarks of another), and he was tempted to cite a certain declaration of the Prime Minister's to the effect that there was no reason to fear that the garrison of Berber would meet with the fate of the garrison of Sinkat. Of the fact of this declaration there is no doubt; it is within the memory of all who have followed the subject. But there is nothing that Mr. Gladstone dislikes so much as a citation of this kind. Not that he ever has the least difficulty in denying or explaining it away, but apparently because it seems to him a kind of breach of copyright.

None may quote the text, not even I,
And none may make a comment but myself,

is Mr. Gladstone's version of a couplet in the *Idylls of the King*. On this particular occasion, however, Mr. Gladstone did not arise in his might and his majesty and his magnificence, and so forth. He only asked for the date of the statement. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett gave it, the twenty-fourth of April, and then came the "cheers and laughter." You see nothing can possibly be more absurd than to show that a statesman poohpooled the idea of a massacre at a time when the massacre might have been prevented, and to make this demonstration at the time when the massacre has happened. Probably the Liberals who cheered thought, like the Red Queen (or was it the White?), that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett ought to have quoted Mr. Gladstone's words two months before, not two months after, they were uttered. As for the Liberals who laughed, that exquisite joke of the throat-cutting (there were townsmen, too, according to one account, but unluckily no women) no doubt got the better of everything else with them, if it takes after Mr. Thackeray's favourite way of using them may be permitted.

So the sun went down on Liberal laughter at the Berber

massacre, and also (it is sad to have to say it of a man of undoubted piety, but the sequel showed the fact too plainly) on Mr. Gladstone's wrath. On Tuesday Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was more bragian than ever. He put to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice a question of such exactness that the Under-Secretary could not possibly evade it, and had to give something which for him may be called an answer. The results of that answer were a display of ingratitude on the part of the House in the way of asking for more which cut Lord Edmond to the heart. He ejaculated, in the bitterness of his soul, "Am I under any circumstances to be expected to know what Hussein Khalifa said on the twenty-third of April?" And it is indeed a most preposterous thing that an Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who is kept for the purpose, should be expected to know anything about foreign affairs. But Lord Edmond was not only sorry; he was shocked. It would be, he thought, "most objectionable" if he, a peaceful *pékin*, were to "enter into military details." And he would doubtless think it most objectionable, also, if a fellow like a military Under-Secretary, who ought to stick to gaiter-buttons, were to enter into political details. The result of this fine feeling on the part of the different departments was put by Sir Walter Barttelot in a rather unexpectedly epigrammatic fashion. "And so Berber has been allowed to fall." Precisely so. But the incident was by no means closed. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was as bragian as ever; and Mr. Gladstone, with his wrath yet working from over-night, was partly obliged and partly eager to come to the rescue. The member for Eye quoted the statement of the Prime Minister (like the former, a statement within the recollection of every one who has attended to the subject) that the fall of Berber would not affect Khartoum. Then the Assyrian came down on him. Mr. Gladstone protested against Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's practices. He said he never used the words uttered. He added (and this is the tremendous castigation which has made Mr. Gladstone's admirers almost sympathise with Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, because he must be so very much hurt), "unless the hon. gentleman changes his habit, no attention ought to be paid to him." At this the Liberal members who had laughed over the Berber massacre gave "loud cheers." The Speaker tried to interfere, but Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was too cool and Mr. Gladstone too hot for him, and the result was that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, as he had done before, quoted the exact words used, and requested to know whether Mr. Gladstone still accused him of misquotation. Thereupon followed these remarkable words:—"Yes, sir, I do both to-day and every day" (some more exact authorities say "to-day and yesterday"), and the Liberal members who had laughed at the massacre of Berber once more gave "loud cheers."

Such is the bragian boldness of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, and such the severity which almost draws tears of ruth down the iron cheeks of steady Radicals. "Yes, sir, he did do it; he's *always* doing it," is the agonized cry of the Prime Minister of England, and his friends agree that this is very severe on Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, very severe indeed. "Unless the hon. gentleman changes his habits, no attention should be paid to him," says Mr. Gladstone, and his friends say that "Ashmead-Bartlett, you know, can hardly get over *that*, you know." The exquisite fun of the massacre of Berber does not pair off badly with the crushing severity of Mr. Gladstone's rebuke. Here are two statements which, unless the reporters' gallery is in league to traduce Mr. Gladstone, were made. Those statements are quoted. Mr. Gladstone majestically avers that he never said any such thing, and requests the world at large to pay no attention to anybody who says he did. And on Thursday, when his enemy gave him chapter and verse, he explained that the risk of Berber was an "opinion" of his, and not a "categorical statement." Risk, Mr. Gladstone may be reminded, is necessarily a matter of opinion, and when it ceases to be such it ceases to be risk. But nothing can be more conclusive and severe, say the flatterers. Which, if it be so, the urgent necessity for that new English Dictionary (quite different from the one now in publication at the Clarendon Press), which we have more than once demanded, appears more strongly than ever. Or, perhaps, a kind of moral and social recipe-book would be even better than a dictionary. It might be arranged something in this fashion:—

REPUTATION, How to make a.—"Say he dreamt it" (Mr. Jingle), "say he's a Tory and therefore a —" (Mr. Br-ght), "say nobody ought to attend to him if he does it again" (Mr. Gl-dst-ne).

SEVERE, How to be.—Say "Unless the victim changes his habits nobody ought to attend to him" (Mr. Gl-dst-ne).

AWKWARD SITUATION, How to get out of any.—"Deny everything" (Mr. Gregsbury, Mr. Gl-dst-ne, and others).

MISQUOTATION, To prove a.—"Say he's always doing it" (Mr. Gl-dst-ne).

With a little patience, a notebook, and a dictionary of quotations (or in default of the latter a slight knowledge of English and foreign literature) an invaluable guide to conduct in all relations of life might be arranged, and even the bragian boldness of the Mr. Ashmead-Bartletts of this world would cease to have any terrors. Only you must be sure of your circumstances. A great man at Dover, it has been said, is sometimes one of very ordinary stature at Calais, and *vice versa*. So also that which appears to be a crushing refutation to one audience may seem the virtual confession of impotent rage to another. But these differences are inevitable; in the same way some people can

for the life of them see no joke in the fact that some thousand throats are reported to have been cut two months after it was suggested that measures should be taken to save them from the knife; while to others it seems the most exquisite jest possible. Moreover, there is another little drawback to the practice of exterminating, as per recipe-book, that the victims have a detestable habit of not being exterminated, quail, crush, conclude, and quell as you may. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has been by the solemn deposition of Mr. Gladstone's admirers swept off the face of the habitable earth half a dozen times at least by the tempest of Prime-Ministerial wrath. Yet there he is still, with an accurate and inexhaustible memory, an irrepressible habit of wanting to know, a shocking disregard of Mr. Gladstone's wishes and convenience, and a total insensibility to jokes like the massacre of Berber. Perhaps the member for Eye does not make quite such good use as he might of these good gifts; but his worst enemies must admit his boldness to be "that bragging as Mr. Gladstone can do nothing with him"—a quotation which, observing as before a rigid accuracy, is not, we may state, from the published edition of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. But we are quite sure that Mr. Gladstone "wouldn't be Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's father for fifty pounds," which, substituting "father" for "mother," is textual and singularly like in style to the tremendous remark by which, according to Radical testimony, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett was so severely handled.

THE INNS OF COURT AND LEGAL EDUCATION.

THERE is nothing on which it is easier to raise a chorus of grievances in any company of well-to-do Englishmen than the costliness and the delays of law. There is nothing which the very same Englishmen find more tedious, or to which they are less willing to give even a little attention, than considering the causes and the possible remedies of the state of things they are so ready to complain of. Everything that has to do with our legal system falls under the same fate. And the subject of legal education is an absolute blank to most people who are not lawyers, and a good many who are. Experiments and reforms, therefore, are conducted in an absence of interest and intelligent criticism which, if we were not familiar with it, would seem hardly credible in this country. For about ten years considerable experiments in the training of students for the Bar have been in progress, and they have now reached a somewhat critical stage. But, with the exception of the handful of persons officially engaged in the direction of legal studies at the Inns of Court and the Universities, we doubt whether a score could be found, we do not say among lay people, but at the Bar itself, who know or care much about it. Yet the matter is of evident importance to the legal profession, for the constitution and the spirit of the English Bar must at least in part depend on the manner in which admission to it is gained; and, through the legal profession, it is of no less importance to the public who depend on the services of counsel for the conduct of much of their affairs—in the first place for lawsuits, as everybody knows; and moreover, as not everybody knows, for a great many other things which are not the less weighty for not being litigious.

In order to make the present state of things intelligible it is needful to call to mind that which came before it. The Bar of England is not subject to any direct State control. By customary law the power of admitting persons to practise as advocates in the Superior Courts belongs to the Judges. By a custom almost if not quite as ancient, and for all practical purposes not less binding, the powers of admission, discipline, and expulsion are delegated by the Judges to the Inns of Court, subject to an appeal to the Judges, not as public officers, but as a "domestic tribunal," like an appeal from the governing body of a college to the Visitor. No Court or Judge acting in an ordinary judicial capacity has jurisdiction over the acts or regulations of these societies. It is a current form of speech in our legal classics to describe the Inns of Court as a whole as a University devoted to the one Faculty of the Laws of England, in which the several societies of Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and the two Temples hold the place of colleges. The parallel has been more plausible in one way than it seems now; for there is no lack of mediæval examples, notably in Italy, of regular Universities with only one Faculty, and that the Faculty of Law. Still it is a parallel of the roughest kind, and might easily mislead. The bonds of incorporation, of a common constitution, and of common property are in this case wholly wanting. The Inns of Court are isolated bodies without formal connexion of any kind. Like Oxford or Cambridge colleges, they have their separate buildings, halls, libraries, and offices. Even the peculiar position of the Temple Church may be compared with that of the chapel of Eton, which until lately was a parish church as well as a college chapel, or the chapel of Merton, which is so to this day. But the Inns of Court are not in relation to any more comprehensive body whereof their members are also members. A Fellow of All Souls and a Fellow of Balliol, a scholar of King's and a scholar of Trinity are members of the same University. A student of Lincoln's Inn and a student of the Inner Temple have, properly speaking, no common term. There is no place where they have common and equal rights. Nothing exists in the Inns of Court answering to University statutes, a University library, or a University Senate or Convocation; the newly-formed Bar Association is at present but a rudiment of something which may possibly, we dare not say probably, take the place of this last.

There is nothing answering to college statutes or governing bodies either. The legal position of the several Inns is far from being that of colleges; it is more like that of clubs than anything else. Not being incorporated or formally endowed, though in fact disposing of property and revenues of respectable collegiate magnitude, they offer no handle to the Attorney-General or the Charity Commissioners. While the Inns of Court control the formation of the legal profession itself, the Queen's Courts know judicially no more of them than of the Athenæum or the Oxford and Cambridge Club, and have no greater power of intermeddling with their concerns. Again, their governing bodies are self-elected and exclusive, in this respect widely differing from those of both clubs and colleges. No external authority is represented or consulted, nor have the members of the society at large any voice, direct or indirect, in its affairs. Whatever standing regulations exist for their internal government are not statutes, but simple resolutions like those of a club committee; and a barrister who is not a bencher of his Inn has no more access to them than an ordinary member of a club has to the committee's minute-book. Thus the independence and autonomy of a club are combined with more than the authority of a college.

Not that the absolute independence of the Inns of Court has ever led to its extreme possible consequences. Nothing in English institutions ever does. We have likened these honourable societies to clubs. It must be added that, as the general plan, arrangements, and rules of any two clubs in Pall Mall will be found very much alike, so the ways of the several Inns of Court are closely alike; more closely, indeed, than those of different clubs, by reason of a comity engendered by their common objects and associations, and the sense of common interests and virtual, though not formal, responsibility to the nation. The course of preparation for the Bar has, therefore, always been the same in all the Inns. Each Inn might, as far as any positive constitution went, have made its own distinct rules. In fact, the rules have been and are identical, save for minute variations in such matters as the amount and apportionment of fees. Before the Restoration admission to the Bar was procured by a series of exercises analogous to those performed for degrees in the higher Faculties at the Universities, and without doubt modelled upon them. After the Restoration it fared with the exercises at the Inns of Court just as at the Universities. They shrank into unmeaning formalities, and qualification for the Bar came to consist in duly paying the fees, in having dined certain times during a certain number of terms in the hall of the candidate's chosen Inn, and in producing a certificate from a barrister of twelve months' attendance as a pupil in his chambers, which last, for reasons well known and too long to repeat here, might itself mean little more than the payment of a hundred guineas. The reaction that established the present system of examinations at the Universities told also, though more slowly, upon the Inns of Court. After a period in which examination was introduced as an optional road to the Bar, the examination was, about ten years ago, made compulsory. In further imitation of the modern University system, prizes and scholarships of considerable value were offered for competition. Courses of lectures were also established, open to members of all the Inns of Court, and delivered by barristers on whom, for that purpose, the title of Professor was conferred. One may perhaps regret in passing that the name of "Reader," which had been good enough for Bacon and Coke, was not thought worth reviving. For those older worthies every barrister was a "professor" of the Common Law; but modern usage has made us conceive of a Reader as a sort of assistant Professor taken on by the job; though it would be easy to name Readers now holding office at the Universities, and in the Faculty of Law in particular, whose position and authority differ from that of Professors only in name.

The scheme of conjoint lectures and examinations now in force required a more open and formal joint action of the Inns than had been previously known. Every part of this scheme is under the direction of the Council of Legal Education, which is a joint Committee of the Benchers of the four Inns of Court. This arrangement is still purely voluntary, and in form precarious, inasmuch as the Bench of any one Inn might at any moment annul it by secession. But this is not worth further dwelling on. The like may be said of a good many material points in our system of Parliamentary government. It is more important that the experience gained by this time has disclosed various weak points in the plan itself, apart from the permanence or ability of the Council by whom it is administered, and among whom are several of our most eminent living authorities in legal science. There is nothing to show that a worse sort of men become law students, or are called to the Bar, than in the days before examinations; but there is also nothing to show that the average of their personal or professional qualities is sensibly better. The honours and prizes do not seem to be appreciated by the men for whose benefit and encouragement they were intended. As a rule, the best men who come to the Bar from the Universities pay no attention to them, and content themselves with passing the examination as soon as they can, reserving serious and special studies in the law to be pursued in their own fashion afterwards if they be so minded. Meanwhile the studentships are taken by candidates whose industry is no doubt deserving, but whose merit is not altogether of the kind that commands fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge, or calls for such particular encouragement as the Inns of Court hold out in this way.

In short, the visible results are not adequate to the expenditure

of money and energy. Without going into the larger question of the constitution of the Inns of Court in general, we think the failure is not very difficult to account for. The existing joint scheme was a compromise between the party of resistance to all change and the party of more ambitious reform then headed by Lord Selborne. It was adopted more under the apprehension of external pressure than by spontaneous action. And it is, in fact, a too faithful imitation of our modern University system, in which the difference of conditions has not been regarded, and the safeguards provided at Oxford and Cambridge have been omitted.

Up to a certain age the line of men's studies can be determined and their interest excited by the offer of substantial rewards for competition. But when they come to preparing themselves for an active profession which is itself a field of the keenest competition, the practical interest before them will in the nature of things outweigh, and that immeasurably, any academic interest which it may be sought to foster by means of prizes. A man who is going to take seriously to the Bar as a livelihood will go in that way which appears to him to lead most directly towards making him a successful barrister, and will not be diverted even by hundred-guinea scholarships into byways of Roman law and so-called Jurisprudence. If, on the other hand, you can prove to him that these are not byways at all, but go to making good lawyers, he will enter on them even without prizes, but very likely will prefer to do so in his own fashion without studying to please examiners. Therefore the prizes must tend to fall to the men who cannot afford to wait, or to those who, for one reason or another, do not really aim at the Bar as a profession in the ordinary sense, but want the standing of a barrister to qualify themselves for public appointments of a semi-legal kind at home or in India or the colonies, or to become teachers of law, perhaps to supply the demand for a particular kind of teaching created by the examination system itself.

Another reason may be assigned, and a more potent one than it seems at first sight, for the fact that the really best men do not appear in the Inns of Court honour lists. A first-class man from Cambridge or Oxford comes to London already satisfied, and more than satisfied, with examinations and the fruits thereof. What does a Fellow of All Souls or Trinity want with more prizes? It is not worth his while to put his neck under the yoke again so soon. He feels that he has earned his liberty. Still less does a certificate of honour concern him. His proved general abilities will stand him in better stead not only with the public but with lawyers. And if he is an Oxford man, his own University offers special honours at least as valuable, and much more agreeable, in the Vinerian Scholarship and the Civil Law degree. This reacts again upon the general value and reputation of the Inns of Court examinations. Prizes which the most capable men do not in fact stop to pick up are not likely to be accepted as evidence of first-rate capacity. We have never heard that clients or solicitors are guided by the Inns of Court studentships in their selection of junior counsel. To the public at large, we believe, the honours conferred by the Inns of Court are wholly unknown. Then something might be said about the arrangement and conduct of the examinations themselves; but this cannot be discussed in detail without risk of overmuch technicality for this place. This much we may remark in general terms; it is by no means self-evident that the same type of examination which is found effectual at the Universities for classics and mathematics is the best means, or a good means at all, of testing real knowledge in such a subject as English law.

For the reasons we have indicated, it seems to us that the multiplication of prizes in the Inns of Court is a mistake, and that no further advance should be made in that direction, but rather a gradual reduction should be aimed at. In particular, the prizes (not inconsiderable ones) given by the several Inns exclusively to their own students ought to be either discontinued or thrown into the common fund. There is no real analogy to college prizes or scholarships here. While the constitution of the Inns of Court retains anything like its present form, there is not and cannot be any real collegiate fellow-feeling among junior members of the same Inn; and a scholarship limited to students of Lincoln's Inn or the Inner Temple has even less to recommend it than an exhibition confined to founders' kin or to natives of a particular county. But it is far more important to get rid of the vicious notion that students will come to be taught only if the lectures are baited with money prizes—a notion which, to our mind, is the root of all the mischief and disappointment. The business of the Inns of Court is to form English lawyers, not to be able to point to so much money given away in prizes. If they could form good lawyers without any prizes at all (and we are far from sure that they could not), it would be all the better. There are plenty of other things for the money to do, such as bringing the libraries up to the level of modern scholarship, and keeping them there. Not one of these libraries is anything like as complete as it ought to be in colonial, American, and Continental jurisprudence, not to mention ordinary books of reference. In fact, there are far more vigorous and successful law schools in the United States than here. Why is this? Not because there are fellowships and scholarships to be got there (we believe that there are not any); but because American lawyers are persuaded that law is worth knowing, not by rule of thumb, but systematically, and that it can be systematically taught with real effect. Accordingly they secure the best men they can for teachers, and trust the pupils to come. Professor Dicey spoke much to the purpose concerning this matter in his Oxford inaugural lecture last spring. We understand

that the division between Pass and Honours in the Bar Examination is to be done away with; and this will be, so far, a good thing. But we should still more gladly see, if it were possible, a revival of the ancient system of exercises, either instead of examination or in conjunction with it, in a form adapted to modern usage. Finally, the Inns of Court should establish further and better relations with the Law Schools of the Universities than they have yet thought of doing. It would be to the profit of both parties. The proper function of the Universities in the teaching and development of law in this country is itself a topic of no small interest, but deserves and requires separate consideration.

ARCHITECTURE IN 1884.

THE sight of the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy fired us with the ambition of classifying, in imitation of Vitruvius and Rickman, those varieties of building which some enthusiasts tell us is the architecture of the future; while more quietly optimist votaries are content with claiming for it that it is the architecture of the present, and others again of perversely practical genius contend that it must be the architecture of the past, if it derives its name with any just title from Queen Anne. But we soon came to the conviction that the good news that the present one was, as the President proclaimed at the dinner, the last year on which architecture was to be housed at the Royal Academy in a cupboard, rendered this exhibition no fitting occasion for the attempt. We may still at some fitting season analyse those disconnected, if not discordant, phenomena which seem to rest their claim to the distinction of being a definite style on the attenuated continuity of a preference for red brick whenever half timber does not intrude with superior attractions; while at one end its professors touch the real, though late, Gothic of the contests of York and Lancaster, and with the other the equally real, but wholly modern, principles in fashion when the claimants for the Crown were named George and James.

Something may come of all this hurly-burly at some time or other; but at present the results are simply negative. In all the strife of tongues the one style which has not succeeded in keeping or winning back a lost supremacy is that of the most genuine classical school which looked to Greece for models, and which seemed to be unquestionably master of the situation sixty years ago.

Italian, which is in its origin Grecian, filtered first through imperial Rome and then through the Middle Ages, is making a better fight, but it can never keep quite clear of the inconsistencies which are inseparable from an imperfectly assured position. On the other hand, if he takes stock of all the mixed elements—Perpendicular, Tudor, Elizabethan, Renaissance, Jacobean, Dutch, Caroline, Queen Anne, and so forth—the candid critic will be driven to confess that, however inconsistently or capriciously exhibited, the modes of composition in connexion with, and modified by, construction which are now in vogue will have far more often to travel for their precedents to mediæval than to classical authorities.

If there is any sceptic who is hardy enough to doubt our anticipations, and deny that the after-Gothic may be capriciously conservative of the Gothic tradition, we have to send him for our vindication no further off than to the Health Exhibition. There he will find that clever show, the street of Old London; and, if he is a man accustomed to see with other people's eyes, he will go home believing that he has enjoyed the lifelike presentment of a bit of mediæval London. But the small residue who know enough and pry enough to reach personal intelligence will apprehend that what is presented to them, after abstraction has been made of a few specialties—such as the gate, the church, the balcony, and the house with the tourelle—is a collection of houses of the ripe sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries, inheriting, indeed, the gables of the middle ages, but made up of details which mainly represent the Italian Renaissance in various degrees of corruption, and yet remain absolutely un-Italian in the general effect. It is, in fact, not the London which welcomed Edward IV., but that which was burnt in 1666. Our critic will equally have to confess that, in the very improbable event of Italian—such as Sir Charles Barry, for instance, bequeathed it, or as it is now manipulated by the manufacturers of hotels—remaining master of the situation, it would be an Italian which carried in itself the seeds of its own dissolution, inasmuch as its energizing elements would be those of which Gothic is the more perfect representation, and its dead weight the beautiful but sterile anachronisms which it has inherited from the architecture of Greece.

Mr. Edis submits a large block of houses which are to fill the gap which has been made at the corner of Brook Street and Davis Street, designed in a smooth version of Elizabethan; while Mr. Ernest George, in the imposing pile which he places in Collingham Gardens, marries a conception in which Flamboyant is predominant to some Jacobean details; and Mr. Aitchison imports Italian feeling into the Dutch outline of a house in St. James's Square.

Mr. Blomfield's Gallery at Denton is a careful reproduction of Elizabethan originals; and Mr. Norman Shaw's Dawpool, Cheshire, treats in a quiet, broad, and therefore agreeable manner, and on a large scale, the theme of a Jacobean country house, with an outline recalling earlier Tudor. In his proposed façade and additions to Easton Lodge Mr. Young, as far as we can judge by the perspective, seems just to miss making a successful work. Messrs. Pugin's

additions to the old Palace at Mayfield alarm us. Mr. Rowland Anderson's Central Station Hotel at Glasgow has only the vulgar attribute of size. Mr. Maurice Adams's country house, near Sydney, lends itself to the climate without forgetting its English character. Mr. Waterhouse's Gothic staircase at Owens College, Manchester, is graceful, but the slender round pillars supporting the groining breathe a modern spirit. Mr. Waterhouse also shows the new wing which he is adding to his Cambridge Union, in continuation of his original design. Mr. Oldham's design for the Nottingham Municipal Buildings is oppressively huge; and Mr. Aston Webb spoils his Bedford County Club by a very modern balcony. Messrs. Romaine, Walker, and Tanner's residential flats at Albert Gate are big, but capricious and unimpressive, with strange details. Mr. Edward J. Prior's Manor Lodge, Harrow, is a huge broad-gabled fusion of Jacobean and Dutch; while Messrs. Hunt, Steward, and Y. F. Knight's Stuart House, in Cadogan Square, is an eclectic combination of Dutch, a little Jacobean, and a great deal of Queen Anne. Mr. Ernest Newton's Fremington House, North Devon, with its loaded pilasters and balustrades, breathes the spirit of George II. We should imagine that the court which Mr. Watson adds to Somerhill, Kent, will not spoil the older portion.

It is impossible to form an adequate opinion of Mr. George Gilbert Scott's new Roman Catholic Church at Norwich from a picturesque perspective of the interior of the nave; but it seems a large and stately structure in Early Pointed with the minster-like features of arcade, triforium, and clerestory, only the big round pillars recall those which so often appear in the Late Flamboyant of the Low Countries. Messrs. Hansom's minster at St. Mary Church is too indistinctly drawn and badly hung to admit of criticism. Mr. Ernest Lee's new church at Collier Row shows early feeling of composition joined to Perpendicular details. The tracery, approximating to double tranoms, is more quaint than satisfactory. We approve the east end of Mr. Lee's church at Brentwood. We trust that Mr. Sedding justifies the flying buttresses of his church at Sunbury by internal groining. Mr. Blomfield in his new church at Portsea has recourse to regulation Perpendicular in a design which is dignified but cold, while Mr. Brooks's minster-like church at Coppenhall presents, as is usual with him, early features. Mr. Hugh R. Gough's Church of St. Cuthbert, in South Kensington, shows study. Mr. Herbert Booth's dandified view of a proposed moorland church, and Mr. Caroe's savage octagonal church for Swedish worship at Liverpool, stand at opposite poles, and neither of them is to be commended. The reredos and altar in the Bishop of Durham's chapel at Auckland Castle, by Mr. Dodgson Fowler, are rich and appropriate to their situation. Mr. J. Gregory Grace has the courage to offer a suggestion for the coloured decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral—one more. A few designs for internal decoration and for painted glass are exhibited, but no one of them calls for particular observation.

CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT CREEDS.

THE remarkable address delivered by Lord Salisbury on Tuesday last at the annual meeting of the National Society has an interest beyond the special occasion and immediate purpose which evoked it. As regards Lord Salisbury himself we may just observe in passing that it serves, whether by accident or design, to correct the interpretation put the other day by the *Guardian* on what it called "the perhaps purposely vague and somewhat confused language" of his recent "electioneering speech" at Plymouth. Whatever may have been the precise purport of what he then said, it is hardly conceivable that he can have meant to assert, or imply, as his critic imagined, that there is no essential difference in religious belief between the Church of England and the Dissenting bodies. For it would be difficult to emphasize more forcibly the vital importance of dogmatic, or, as it is called in modern phrase, denominational, teaching than he did in his speech last Tuesday in vindication of the claims of the great Society founded "for promoting the education of the poor in the principles of the Established Church." There was indeed much in his speech to recall that made on a somewhat analogous occasion the week before by Cardinal Manning. We are not however concerned here so much with the speaker as with the speech, or rather the subject of it, the practical importance of which at the present day it would not be easy to exaggerate. The great contest over the body, not of the dead Patroclus but of the rising generation of Christian youth, is a phenomenon, as Lord Salisbury began by pointing out, not of English but European significance. "We are," he said—the italics are our own—"maintaining that it is an essential part of education that religion in its entirety—as a matter of dogma as well as a matter of morality—should be taught to the young; but that is a doctrine against which many enemies are now raised"; and hence the National Society "is the bearer of a flag," and "has cast upon it, by the character of the time we are passing through, a special duty." And that speciality of the age is exemplified in other countries, notably in France and Belgium, as well as in England; but with a certain difference. Lord Salisbury considered—and we fear rightly—that the antagonism to religious education in foreign countries is mainly prompted by a direct hostility to revelation, and a fanatical desire "to drive revealed religion out of the field altogether." There can be no mistake indeed about the feeling of a man like M. Paul Bert on the subject. In England,

as he added, there is also such a party, but it is happily as yet in a small minority. The particular form of opposition which threatens us here is not perhaps less serious, but it is of a somewhat different kind. Our education is not, we are assured, to be made irreligious—far from it—but it is to be "mixed"; and all experience conspires to confirm the justice of a criticism passed long ago on that view of the matter, that those are usually most zealous in advocating mixed education—in a religious sense—who have least of their own to mix. Lord Salisbury summed up the case of that class of educational theorists with admirable point and conciseness.

We quite agree with him in thinking that the immediate danger to the cause of all religious education which deserves the name lies rather in the ingenious subterfuges and subtle machinations of that school of "sublimated" doctrinaires—who either do not care to ascertain the inevitable tendencies of the system they recommend, or do not choose to show all their hand—than in the open and avowed hostility of the "larger school, who are enthusiasts for secular education," pure and simple. And the point is one which will bear dwelling upon. It comes of course most prominently to the surface in connexion with Board schools, and while Lord Salisbury wisely disclaimed any wish "to set up the National Society as an enemy to School Boards in all conditions and all places"—because there are considerable districts where no education of any kind can be provided without them—he had a good deal to say on the unequal and arbitrary working of the Education Act in the conflict which often arises between the two systems. And he insisted with perfect truth that the strong sense of injustice provoked by their unequal working, on grounds both fiscal and moral, is by no means confined to the Church of England, but is shared by other religious bodies in the country, especially the Wesleyans and Roman Catholics. Into the details of this part of the question however we do not propose to follow him here. But there are in the present day so many men of some influence—including even a small but active clique of very "Broad Church" clergymen—who throw their whole weight into the scale of the "refined and sublimated essence" theory of religious training, that it becomes worth while to inquire what is likely to be the practical upshot of that ingenious process of reiterated "filtration" in which Lord Salisbury discerns—and we cannot doubt rightly discerns—the complete "frustration of the ends of religious teaching altogether." And first a word may be said of the actual method, as set forth in a return just issued by order of the House of Lords, of administering this "sublimated" or "filtrated" decoction of "all things which a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health" in Board schools. There is of course a wide diversity of practice in matters left open by the law. Thus in some Board schools the Bible is not read at all, but in most it is, sometimes with, sometimes without comment—on which the natural observation to make is, that one hardly knows how to decide which plan is the most objectionable. The Bible read without comment is too apt to be degraded into a mere lesson-book, if not a spelling-book. The Bible read with the random and irresponsible explanations of a body of men—not inaptly described by Lord Beaconsfield, when the School Board scheme was started, as "a new sacerdotal class," with none of the restrictions, training, and guarantees of the old one—who may range from the extremest type of Ultramontanist to the extremest type of Agnostic, is sure to give a very uncertain, if not wholly unintelligible, sound, and the best that can be hoped of such teaching is that it may be too nebulous and colourless to leave any permanent impression on the mind of the taught. In about two-thirds of the schools some kind of prayers are used, and in many hymns are also sung, which last appear often to take the rather irrelevant form of "Grace before" and "Grace after meat." In some the Ten Commandments are taught—which is legitimate, as they occur in the Bible—and in about fifty the Apostles' Creed is taught also, which is distinctly against the letter of the Act prohibiting all formularies of particular denominations, for the "formularies" in question happens to appertain to two pretty considerable "denominations" in the country—namely, the Church of England and the Church of Rome. In one school the Church Catechism is used, also in defiance of the law. One Board expressly forbids the master to make any allusion to the Sacraments, while another forbids his giving any explanation of the sixth chapter of St. John, which is usually held to contain an inconvenient reference to the Eucharist. One Board requires the children to be taught "at least" the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Decalogue, while another devolves the daily religious instruction on "the minister and Churchwardens." But this coquetting with the forbidden thing in the shape of dogma is of course very exceptional. The general rule is Bible reading only, with or without comment. By some Boards no provision is made for any religious instruction or worship, and by several—in Wales especially—it is directly prohibited; but we have the consoling assurance that in some at least of these "morals, based on our common Christianity"—which must be very "common" indeed, where the Bible is tabooed as too "sectarian"—are occasionally inculcated." It would be really interesting to hear something of the method and results of this "occasional" inculcation of unsectarian Christian ethics. Is any portion of the Sermon on the Mount for instance sufficiently "common" to be included in the course, or is the young idea nurtured on a scientific appreciation of "altruism"? On the whole the system might fitly be labelled with the motto M. Renan has chosen for his forthcoming collection of *Lectures Pieuses*, a series of elegant

extracts from his more devotional writings adapted to the fifty-two Sundays of the Church Calendar. It might perhaps indeed be found convenient to introduce an English version of this new *Christian Year*, as a religious text-book, into Board Schools which reject the Bible as too sectarian a work for the purpose.

And now as to the effects of this filtrated quintessence of Christianity on "both the child and the teacher," as Lord Salisbury puts it. One cannot help seeing at once that the teacher or priest of the new religion has a very anomalous office thrust upon him. If indeed he has no belief of his own, the case is simplified, as far as he is concerned. But whether he has or not, he will do wisely to confine himself, if he wishes to avoid breaking the law or treading on somebody's corns at every turn, to a little picturesque delineation of the history and geography of Palestine. And no doubt that is just about what the filtrated or sublimated essence usually comes to. But let us suppose that the teacher has some definite belief of his own, whether orthodox or the reverse, and we will instance a few leading doctrines of large Christian "denominations," of which some may be true, but some must certainly be false, as they contradict each other. Suppose then our master to be an honest Anglican, who believes *inter alia* the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, as fundamental verities of the Gospel. There are many passages in the New Testament which must necessarily appear to him to inculcate or imply those fundamental verities so plainly that he who runs may read; and it is hard to see how as an upright and conscientious man he can refrain from expounding them in that sense, when they are read. But they are clearly no part of the sublimated essence—on the contrary, they are terribly "sectarian," and he is bound to hold his tongue about them. Or take, on the other hand, the case of a conscientious Socinian. He is of course well aware how these same passages are understood by the great majority of religionists, and he holds their interpretation to be a fundamental perversion of the true sense of revelation. Surely, when they are read in school, he ought to utter a word in season to guard the minds of his youthful hearers against so prevalent and dangerous an error. But that too would be only another form of sectarian teaching, and he must confine himself to the "inoffensive residuum." Or let him be a Baptist, who holds the immersion of adults necessary to salvation. There are passages in the New Testament open to such an interpretation, though by the immense majority of Christians they are not so interpreted. Is it not his solemn duty to impress on his class the real bearing of Scripture on a matter of such vast moment? But he would soon find his place in a Board School know him no more if he discharged it. It is not perhaps very likely that any Roman Catholic would undertake such an office, but it is quite conceivable in the abstract. He firmly believes of course *inter alia* the doctrine of Transubstantiation, which holds a prominent place in the faith and worship of his Church. Here again there are passages of Scripture which are generally allowed to give at least some *prima facie* countenance to the doctrine, as *e.g.* in that sixth chapter of St. John, which some School Boards consider such a very ticklish affair that they will not permit a single word to be said about it. For our Roman Catholic schoolmaster these passages have and can have one meaning, and one only, and that a very important one; but he must pass them over in dead silence, if he wishes to retain his post for another week. In all such cases—and the examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but these will suffice for our purpose—it is surely too evident to need or admit of discussion that, as Lord Salisbury phrased it, the attempt to escape from controverted questions by reticence must destroy the enthusiasm of the teacher as well as dissipate the faith of the child. And meanwhile, if there be any force in the old saying *Scriptura est sensus Scripturæ*, it is plain that this residual or filtrated essence of Scripture is in the eyes of those who hold any real beliefs at all—whether Catholic, Wesleyan, Baptist, or what you will—not Scriptural teaching, but a mere travesty of it. At the best, and if it contains nothing positively erroneous in their view—which is not very probable—it is *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark left out. There are those no doubt to whom the "sweet reasonableness" of such a creedless—we were going to say faith, but that term is obviously incongruous—such a creedless cult presents peculiar charms, but they are mostly persons who prefer reason alone to any form of faith. To believers, who take any pains to analyse the nature of their belief, it will appear that a Christianity filtrated of all its dogmas is a Christianity so enlightened as to be able to dispense with Christ. How far the occasional or even habitual inculcation of "morals based upon our common Christianity" would avail to fill the void is too wide a question to enter upon in detail here; but most Christians have no confidence in the sublimated ingenuities of "the moral teaching of the Gospel" divorced from its dogmas, and can anticipate nothing but disastrous failure from the inculcation, whether in pulpit or schoolroom, of Christianity without the creeds.

THE THRESHOLD OF THE UNKNOWN REGION.

MR. CLEMENTS MARKHAM must forgive us for borrowing his admirable title, but no other words can so fitly describe that part of the earth which was reached last year by Mr. W. W. Graham, the Himalayan traveller, who described his remarkable journey in a paper read before the Geographical Society last week. Strange to say, it has received but little notice. The *Pall Mall*

Gazette gave an excellent *précis* of it; but otherwise it has not been much spoken of, which is singular, as it was a striking narrative of adventure and exploration. Mr. Graham made several extraordinary ascents, and in the greatest of these reached a point higher by 1,700 feet than had ever before been attained on the earth's surface. He showed that men, or at all events some men, can breathe and climb with perfect ease at a height at which it has been generally thought that respiration must be impeded and much oppression felt; and, standing near the threshold of that unexplored and previously unapproached region which is certainly the mightiest mountain district in our globe, he described two summits higher than that which has hitherto been supposed to be the highest peak in the world, but must now, to use the graceful American expression which he has aptly quoted, take a back seat.

To explain the significance of what he did it is necessary to state some facts well established, but not popularly known, respecting Himalayan geography. The great range running roughly N.W. and S.E. in which rise Mount Everest, Kangchinja, and Dhaulagiri, is not, as might naturally be supposed, the true divide of that part of the continent. In places rivers cut completely through it, flowing from some range behind which must constitute the true watershed. Now it is scarcely possible to doubt that this inner range is in the main higher than what we know as the Himalayas; and, although it may not be absolutely certain, it is to say the least extremely probable, that some of its peaks are higher than the loftiest of the outer chain. That higher peaks than any yet measured might be found north of Mount Everest occurred some time ago to General Thuillier, and there have been other surmises as to their existence, and even vague statements of wonderful summits having been seen; but until Mr. Graham's expedition nothing was known respecting these supreme mountains that could, in the widest sense of the word, be called definite. That traveller, as need hardly be said, made no attempt to reach the unknown range; and, indeed, to do so with Nepal and Thibet closed, as they are now, would be almost impossible. His object was to explore and ascend some of the higher Himalayas, and it was in the course of his exploration that he drew near to the threshold of the unknown region, and at a great height saw a second and higher range and two summits, to all seeming loftier than Mount Everest. How long it may be before any traveller reaches even the foot of one of them it is impossible to say; but in getting well within sight of them Mr. Graham has done more than any one has ever done before, and it would be difficult to find in modern travel an incident more striking than this first glimpse of the heart of the mighty and mysterious range.

The ascent of Kabru, from which he saw these summits, was the last which he made in the Himalayas, and was indeed the culminating feat of his expedition. The previous part of it, however, had been full of interest, and the traveller certainly showed great enterprise and courage, and very remarkable powers of endurance. His first ascent was made in Sikkim, where, starting from the summit of the Kanga Pass, leading into Nepal, he made his first attack on the Himalayas, ascending a peak which he estimated as being over 20,000 feet high. After this he reached the great glacier which flows east from Kangchinja, and then he returned to lower ground. His next exploit was in Kumaon, whither he went with the famous Grindelwald mountaineer Herr Emil Boss and the excellent guide Ulrich Kauffmann to aid him. In his first attempt in this district he failed, but failed magnificently, as on Dunagiri, 23,186 feet high, he reached an elevation of quite 22,700 feet before a pitiless storm made further progress impossible. Such a height had never been attained on the earth's surface before, and, according to commonly accepted beliefs, the climbers should have suffered greatly from the rarity of the air. It appears, however, that they did not suffer at all. Mr. Graham says that headaches, nausea, bleeding at the nose, and temporary loss of sight and hearing were conspicuous only by their absence, and that the only organ perceptibly affected was the heart, of which the beating became quite audible. This statement, to which we have before drawn attention, excited considerable surprise at the Royal Geographical Society, when he read his paper there; but there can be no doubt as to its accuracy, and possibly there is one fact hitherto unnoticed which may serve partly to explain it. It may be remembered that Mr. Whymp, when first on Chimborazo, suffered greatly from the rarefied air; but that in a short time he grew quite accustomed to it and felt no more trouble. Mr. Graham and his companions had to cross extremely arduous passes, with cols as high as 18,000 feet, to get to their mountains. They were, therefore, thoroughly trained, and, to a certain extent, inured to the effect of thin air. At the same time it is now obvious that the universal effect of thin air on the human frame has been much exaggerated; that, at altitudes where it has been hitherto thought that any one must feel most faint and weak, young and really strong men can do hard work; and that indisputable fact has very roughly shaken hypothesis—we had almost said theory—on this subject.

After this attempt on Dunagiri, Mr. Graham ascended a peak 22,516 feet high, and got to the foot of Nanda Devi, but was prevented from trying it by the misconduct of his coolies, who deserted him, and by the hideous difficulty of the gorge at its base. He left Kumaon, and later on, in the autumn of the year, revisited Sikkim, where, after ascending Gubonu, 21,300 feet high, he and his companions accomplished what is, by a considerable degree, the most remarkable mountain feat on record, as they

reached the summit of Kabru, which, according to the Trigonometrical Survey of India, is 24,015 feet above the level of the sea. Marvellous, however, as their achievement was, the ascent of the mountain is not, to our mind, so remarkable as the view which it gave them of the unknown region. On the lower summit, 23,700 feet high, and only 5,300 feet, therefore, below Mount Everest, they were able to see over its northern shoulder mountain-tops which its huge spurs had previously hidden from all others. At this point Mr. Graham pointed out Everest to Emil Boss as the highest mountain in the world. "That cannot be," said Boss, "those are higher—pointing to two peaks which towered far above the second and more distant range, and showed over the northern slope of Everest." Looking carefully, the other two agreed. Of course all three may have been wrong; but it is extremely improbable that such practised observers were wrong; and, moreover, as the peaks were further off than Mount Everest, if they seemed higher than that mountain, they must in reality be considerably higher. Emil Boss has assured the present writer that he has no doubt whatever on the subject, and that he should be glad to conduct an Indian surveyor to the point from which he could observe the range, feeling certain as to the result of observation. There can then be no real ground for hesitation in accepting Mr. Graham's statement, and very striking are the results of his expedition in the Himalayas. He and his companions got into the very heart of the chain, and made, under circumstances of considerable difficulty, some daring and most remarkable expeditions; and, having approached the threshold of the unknown region, they saw the great peaks of the highest range on the surface of the earth, concerning which we know at present considerably less than we do of the mountains in the moon.

THE MEISSONIER EXHIBITION.

IT is not long since that a Correspondent of the *Times*, writing upon art matters from Paris, announced that he had discovered what he called a "paradox." It was this—that the French are a people who live in very small rooms, but admire very big pictures. Much pondering this oracle in our hearts, and wondering what it might exactly mean, we found ourselves unconsciously comparing it to the delightful paradox with which a wit once puzzled half the world. "Sydney Smith said to Horace Walpole: 'How is it that you are so fond of green vegetables, although you live at Twickenham?' Horace laughed at the jest, but never forgave the sarcasm." Better still, in its perpetual suggestion of some meaning in nonsense which as perpetually escapes one, is the true story of Sydney Smith, whose patience was once fairly exhausted at table by a succession of rapid questions which a lady who was his neighbour persisted in asking him. "Oh, Mr. Smith," she said at last, "can you tell me why they have made the spaces between the park railings so much narrower?" He looked at her steadily, and he spoke deliberately. "Because, madam, such very fat people used to get through." She reflected on the answer for the rest of the evening, and durst ask him no more questions. The author of the *Times*' paradox must, we feel sure, belong to some such school of waggonery as this. How it is that people living in small rooms can admire big pictures, is a reflection which, once forced upon the philosophic mind, will cause it ceaseless inward exercise. Perhaps they ought logically to have no space to hang them in. Still more searching will the reflection become, should the two pillars of the paradox once seem unsound. What if it should be doubtful if the French, as a rule, either live in smaller rooms or admire bigger pictures than other people?

To judge from the exhibition of the pictures of Meissonier, lately opened in the Rue de Sèze, we should suspect the reverse to be the case. Certainly, to parody Touchstone on the beef and mustard, in this instance the room is big, and the pictures are small. Meissonier's name has been fifty years before the world; and in this collection of his work, made for a public charity, one of his friends has happily and with French point said that he and his pencil celebrate their golden wedding. It may not be literally true if, as we believe, his first exhibited work, "*Le Petit Messager*," was seen in 1836. But it is near enough; and it is possible that the painter, now upwards of seventy, may have produced, earlier than that, work which did not attract attention. However that may be, the qualities which then won admiration for Meissonier were those which have most distinguished him ever since, and won him the especial name which he bears among cotemporary painters. "Like a Meissonier" conveys a meaning to everybody; and refinement and exactness, coupled with a generous glow of colour, are what it differentiates. In every art there is more or less of reproduction; and success, and what is called originality, depend far more on the treatment and the absorption of materials than on the literal novelty of the materials themselves. Meissonier must have sat in thought at the feet of Mieris, and studied in the school of Terburg, to make of himself the incomparable miniaturist which, without much injustice, he has been called. Many think that he has improved on both.

This sameness of subject and method which, unavoidably, and without shadow of blame, as it seems to us, must distinguish the work, and not in painting only, of all artists but the very highest, endowed with the highest gifts of creation—brings, as we think, the artist to an unfair test in the shape of comparison with nobody but himself. We should be

slow to recommend to a student of fiction a "course" even of so great a writer as Thackeray; but after he had assimilated *Vanity Fair* should advise an example of Dickens, sincerely believing that in all arts there is no road to love and knowledge so true as the study of contrast, of cotemporary contrast especially. On the same ground we do not profess any liking for these separate exhibitions of the works of a particular painter which have become so much the fashion of late, and nowhere more than in England. Neither the collection of Constables, nor of Reynoldses, nor of Pooles, nor of Rossettis, has left on many people, great as may have been the different degrees of pleasure to be derived from them, a more marked impression than that of monotony. With so singular a performer as the last-named, it appears to us impossible but that his most thorough-going admirers must for a time have been haunted by occasional nightmares, as of falling in, somewhere in Dantesque or Hugonic regions of middle air. So, too, with Meissonier. Those who appreciate him most—and we believe that we number ourselves among them—must, as we think, have feared, as those who advised the exhibition should have felt, that the very qualities of his work are those which would be likely to suffer most by the policy of isolation. The greatest epicurean can hardly have dined wholly upon claret and olives without regretting it. Even those who love strong fare, and partook of the famous horse-dinner at the Langham Hotel, where everything, the fish included, was of some kind of horse, were reported at the time not to have eaten much horse afterwards. Now the monotony of Meissonier, well as we thought we knew him, struck us more forcibly in the Rue de Sèze than we could have believed possible, and very unfair to the painter such an impression seems to us to be. For why should a man of high qualities be monotonous for using them?—Meissonier any more than Thackeray? Yet there the monotony is. The catalogue contains, for instance, under more or less of aliases, ten pictures called "*The Reading Boy*." The number of cavaliers hesitating before ladies' rooms, the number of halberdiers with the same beards and cloaks; the number of people playing chess or trictrac in moods either meditative or quarrelsome; the number of painters being criticized in their studio by the Snarls and Soapers of their times; the number of First Napoleons with the one post-Moscow expression that he seems, in painting and sculpture, always to have worn (did he never change his hat?), passes all cataloguing. Relieved by a few Brions and Durans, we do not know that we should have felt this at all. As it is, there is but one thing to relieve the sense of monotony—the adroit stage management, if we may use the word, which has contrasted the different colours and subjects by careful arrangement, as far as it can be done. In one instance particularly, where an impressive and desolate snow scene is sharply set against a rich burst of cavalier mantle and colour hung above it, the effect is fine. To ourselves there is nothing which seems so wanting as this sense in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. We speak with the fear of the Admirationists before our eyes, who at its annual dinners raise us into the seventh heaven. Their speeches, at all events, are quite beautiful, and to good-humoured cynics are apt to recall the strophes and antistrophes of *Æschylus*, with an unconscious dash of *Aristophanes*. If only the pictures all matched as well! *Βρεκκεκεκε κε κε κε κε κε*! Before they arrange their wares next year, we wish that the Academicians would call in Mr. Augustus Harris.

We have left ourselves no space to dwell (nor need we) on the individual power and gifts of Meissonier. No man might ever have said of himself so truly, "*Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre*." He has spoken for himself for years, to us as to others; and the virtues of "*La Rixe*" or "*Le Portrait du Sergent*" will not suffer from criticism or time. These two and the "*Lecture chez Diderot*" are the gems of the collection, for if in portrait-painting the artist's failure is conspicuous, he is wonderful in these pocket-dramas. He is happy in having been born at a date when painting had been freed from the conventional and so-called classic fetters which, with the terrible "*Radeau de la Méduse*" and the school which it brought into being, Géricault shattered for ever, doing what Hugo and Dumas did for literature. Not often have the Volsces in Corioli been fluttered by such eagles in a dove-cote as these. But in conclusion we should like to call attention to one of Meissonier's highest merits—his extraordinary "power of taking pains." We have no space to quote; but Mr. F. G. Stephens's book upon *Flemish and French Pictures* contains a very interesting account of it. How he secured fidelity for a battle snow piece by modelling his guns and roads and the very lie of the ground, and even devising especial means to reproduce the effect of snow-light in his studio, is a lesson to all men. For if, like most definitions, it is the merest mistake to define genius as a power of taking pains, there is small doubt of the power which painstaking may have in leading genius to lasting fame and success. So it has done with Meissonier.

RECENT RACING.

THE week between Epsom and Ascot races used to be a time of comparative quiet in the racing world, but now one of the most valuable handicaps of the season is run for on the Thursday after the Derby week. The Manchester Cup may indeed be said to put all other handicaps into the shade, for 2,000*l.* are added to a sweepstakes of 25*l.* each. Florence, who had run wretchedly

both in the Lincolnshire Handicap and the City and Suburban, won easily by four lengths. Robertson, who had run second for the Manchester November Handicap, was again second, and Corrie Roy was again next to Robertson, but behind him this time, instead of in front of him. Florence belongs to the owner of St. Gatien, and she was ridden by S. Loates, who rode that horse in the Derby. The day following that on which the Manchester Cup was run, she still further proved her power by winning the De Trafford Welter Cup when giving from a stone to 2 st. 5 lbs. to each of her opponents. For the Whitsuntide Plate of 2,000*l.* for two-year-olds, at Manchester, more than 2 to 1 was laid on the Duke of Portland's Rosy Morn, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom; but he was easily beaten by Cora, a filly by Uncas, that had won the Sandown Two-Year-Old Stakes. We may add that Cora has been beaten, in her turn, this week, by Present Times, Laverock, and Vacillation, at Windsor, in the Royal Stakes. While writing on the subject of Manchester races, we may observe that, according to the plans for the Ship Canal, the present racecourse is to become the site of the great docks for Manchester.

But it was not only at Manchester that there was good racing during the week between Epsom and Ascot. At Sandown there was a splendid race for the Derby. Superba, who had made a good race with Busybody in the Oaks, receiving a beating by but half a length, was made first favourite, although she was carrying 7 lbs. extra, and odds of 6 to 4 were laid upon her; but Darlington, against whom 20 to 1 would have been laid, if asked for, ran her to a head. Camlet was only a neck behind Darlington, and the Sister to Adelaide colt, now named Gordon, was close up.

The race for the Grand Prix de Paris was less interesting than usual this year. It shared much the same fate as our own Derby, which suffered considerably through the absence of some of the best three-year-olds of the season. Eight horses went to the post, and Little Duck, the favourite, won in a canter by five lengths from The Lambkin. The weather was wretched; the sky was cloudy, the roads in the Bois de Boulogne were a sea of mud, and there were heavy showers. Little Duck is a fine horse by See Saw, out of Little Drum, by Rataplan. Although actually born in France, his birth took place soon after his dam's arrival in that country, and his sire was and still remains in England, so we may fairly claim at least a share in the honours of the Grand Prix this year.

Ascot races are notorious for the defeats of favourites, and the late meeting helped to keep up this evil reputation. As is usual at Ascot, backers "plunged" freely, laying odds in many cases; but on both the Tuesday and the Wednesday the favourite only won once in seven races, and if a backer had put a hundred pounds on the favourite for every race during the meeting, he would have lost between fourteen and fifteen hundred pounds. A similar investment at Ascot last year would have returned a gain of several hundred pounds. For the opening race, 3 to 1 was laid on Thebais, 7 to 2 against Toastmaster, and 20 to 1 against Legacy. Backers could not have blundered more egregiously, if they had tried; for the result was exactly "the other way about," Legacy winning by a couple of lengths, while Toastmaster beat Thebais by a head. Nothing daunted, backers laid odds again for the next race—the Gold Vase—on Corrie Roy. The mare was meeting St. Gatien, one of the heroes of the Derby, on about 10 lbs. better terms than weight for age, and she was receiving a stone and a pound from Tristan. Kinsky was the only other starter. Tristan showed temper at the post, but went away in a fairly good humour when once they started. Archer made strong running on Corrie Roy for about a mile and a half; at the bend both Tristan and St. Gatien went up to her heels, and in coming up the straight Tristan took a slight lead; but at the distance Corrie Roy repossessed him. Soon afterwards, Wood made his effort with St. Gatien, who beat the two cracks without difficulty, and won by four lengths.

The Prince of Wales's Stakes is generally one of the most important three-year-old races of the season, and winners of the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the Oaks often run for it. This year it had been expected that Harvester and Busybody would meet in it; but, to the great disappointment of the public, neither of them appeared; and Talisman, who had been sixth for the Derby, represented the best public form of all the starters. Beauchamp was second favourite; Sir Reuben, who had only run once before in public—in the Woodcote Stakes last year, when he was unplaced—was third favourite, and Hermitage, with a few more pounds on his back than any of his opponents, was the least fancied of the party. There were no other starters, and the field was the smallest in the history of the race. Talisman made the running, but at the distance the four horses formed into a line, and for a few strides there was a pretty race. Talisman then gave up trying in a very cowardly fashion, and Sir Reuben won by three lengths. It is said that 5,000*l.* to 1,000*l.* had been taken in one bet about the winner. Sir Reuben, who is by Doncaster—a stallion which the Duke of Westminster purchased for 14,000*l.*—and sold the other day to the Hungarian Government for 5,000*l.*—belongs to Lord Manners, and was ridden by Wood. The Prince of Wales's Stakes has seldom turned out a poorer affair; and, considering its high promises, it has been the most disappointing race of the season. The Biennial for two-year-olds found the backers again laying odds on the wrong horse. Nearly 3 to 1 was laid on Lord Cadogan's filly Lonely; but she ran very badly, and the race was won easily by Lord Alington's colt by Beauclerc out of Stella. The winner had never run in public before, and

8 to 1 was laid against him at the start. He will have plenty of opportunities of distinguishing himself, as he is entered for the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger of next year. Only half a dozen horses came out for the Ascot Stakes, and Regain and Keir were made first and second favourites. Regain made the running for more than a mile and a half of the two-mile course, when he appeared distressed by the pace and gave up the lead. Narcissa and Gonfalon then raced away together; but Greenbank, who had found some difficulty in getting an opening, made a rush as they were running in, and catching the leaders in the last hundred yards won by a length. Greenbank belongs to Mr. Jardine, who has now won the Ascot Stakes five years running. At last the backers picked out a winner in a Maiden Plate; but they were wrong again in the Triennial Stakes, for which they selected The Prince. The two-mile course was probably too long for him with 5 lbs. extra on his back, and the race was won by Hamako, the winner of the Free Handicap Sweepstakes of last year.

The greatest certainty of the Wednesday appeared to be the Coronation Stakes, which stood first on the list. Queen Adelaide, who, in the opinion of many people, would have won the Derby if she had not been shut in, was only opposed by Sandiway, a filly that had been about a couple of lengths behind her in the race for the One Thousand Guineas, and Thirlmere and Tombola, who were mere platers. All things considered, the odds of 9 to 4 which were laid on the favourite did not seem excessive. But the hammering on the hard ground at Epsom in the Derby and the Oaks probably had had a more serious effect upon the filly than was supposed, for she was beaten below the distance, and Sandiway won the 2,000*l.* for the Duke of Westminster in a common canter. In the Visitors' Plate another mistake was made, for Disfranchise was chosen as first favourite, and Polemic, to whom he was giving 12 lbs., beat him by a head. The Fern Hill Stakes for two and three-year-olds brought out a small field. The unbeaten Cherry, Bedouin, who won the Earl Spencer's Plate at Northampton, and ran nowhere in the Derby, and Whitelock, who had been third for the One Thousand, a length behind Queen Adelaide and half a length further behind Busybody, represented the three-year-olds; while Grecian Bride, the winner of the Stanley Stakes at Epsom, was the only two-year-old. Cherry was the first favourite, and Archer made the running with her; but about a quarter of a mile from the winning-post Cannon brought Bedouin up, and the two famous jockeys had one of their usual battles. This time Cannon had the best of it, and he won, pretty easily at last, by a neck. Cherry ran gamely; but it is probable that she was not quite herself. Grecian Bride was a length behind her, and was running very well at the finish. The short course suited Bedouin; and, if the distance had been much longer, the result might have been different. The field for the Royal Hunt Cup was the smallest that had ever run for that race since its institution more than forty years ago. Only sixteen horses went to the post, and Duke of Richmond was made the favourite, although he had 8st. to carry—a very heavy weight for a three-year-old, especially for a rather small colt. He ran well; but his weight told very much in the last hundred yards. Acrostic, to whom he was giving a year and 23 lbs., beat him by a length. The Duke of Westminster's Donatello was looked upon as almost a certainty for the Triennial, chiefly on the strength of his form at Chester, where he won a couple of races; but even in Archer's hands he refused to struggle at the finish, and the race was won by The Dauphin, a well-shaped and promising colt by Childeric, against whom 12 to 1 had been laid at the start. At last the backers hit on the right horse in the Ascot Derby; but even then they only just landed their money. It was a beautiful race. Brest—who had been unplaced in the Grand Prix—won by a head; while Cambusmore and Pontiac ran a dead heat for second place. Brest was giving 8 lbs. to each of the dead-heaters. In the last race it was the old story of a hot favourite easily beaten. The first horse in the betting was last in the race, and the first horse in the race had been the last in the betting.

The backers had rather better luck on the Cup day, for they discovered two winners in seven races. They made a blunder in selecting Caltha for the New Biennial, as the race was won by Fritz, who ran well last season with Queen Adelaide, Busybody, and Reprieve, and was a Derby favourite until a severe attack of influenza affected his breathing. On public form he ought to have been first favourite, and the T.Y.C. course was well suited to a horse that made a noise. The learned were wrong again in the next race—the St. James's Palace Stakes—for which they chose Mr. Chaplin's colt by Hermit out of Departure's dam, who it was thought must win a big race because he had been bought in at an enormous price as a yearling. Among his opponents were Cambusmore and Pontiac, the two horses that had run a dead heat for second place in the Ascot Derby on the Wednesday. The distance was better suited to Cambusmore in the St. James's Palace Stakes than in the Ascot Derby, and he won the 1,850*l.* for the Duke of Westminster in a canter by five lengths from Talisman; while Royal Fern, who had shown some of the best three-year-old form in the spring, was a bad third. Odds were laid on Lucerne for the Biennial, but here again a mistake was made, for, after an exceedingly fine finish, Giles, on Cormeille, snatched the race by a head from Lucerne, and by more than half a length from Nautilus, the two last-named horses being ridden by the crack jockeys, Cannon and Archer. Then came the great race of the day, the Ascot Cup. The famous three-year-old St. Simon, who was first favourite, was opposed by his public trial horse Tristan, by the noted stayer Faugh-a-ballagh, by Friday, a

winner of the Goodwood Cup, and by his owner's second horse Iambic. There was some difficulty in getting Tristan to the post, but once there, he behaved well, and he ran without any attempt at bolting. At the hotel turn Faugh-a-ballagh and Tristan went to the front and made the running. After they had gone about two miles, Faugh-a-ballagh was beaten, and as they rounded the turn into the straight, Wood, on St. Simon, began to hunt down Webb, on Tristan. The two horses were soon side by side, but St. Simon had no difficulty in leaving Tristan, and he won by about twenty lengths, as Webb eased his horse when he found he could not win. There is much force in the argument that St. Simon would have won the Derby because he has done more with Tristan than did St. Gatien; but we must remember that, if Tristan's form this season is to be trusted, not only St. Simon, but St. Gatien, must be considerably better than the three-year-olds of average years, which was far from being the general opinion on the Derby day. For the time being, at any rate, St. Simon is the hero of the British Turf. In the All-Aged Stakes the favourite won again, but only two horses started, Geheimniss and Despair, and the former had it all her own way, winning by many lengths. Langwell, who cost 1,150 guineas as a yearling, was favourite for the New Stakes for two-year-olds; but, although he is considered by some good judges to be one of the best-looking colts of the year, he was unplaced, the race being won by Lord Hastings's Melton. Backers preferred Chislehurst to Lucerne for the Rous Memorial Stakes, as the last-named horse had disappointed them earlier in the afternoon; but, as if out of sheer spite, he won this time, and easily, by two lengths.

Geheimniss gained a second victory in the Queen's Stand Plate on the Friday, which she won in a canter after starting first favourite. The Hardwicke Stakes brought out Tristan, who had won that race in the two preceding years; but Harvester was made the favourite, and Waterford, who had been fourth in the Derby, and was now receiving 10 lbs. from Harvester, was second favourite. Condor made the running as far as the entrance to the old course, where Waterford took the lead. When they came into the straight, Quicklime and Tristan were at Waterford's heels; but Archer was already urging the favourite to hasten his speed. At the distance Tristan went up to Waterford, and after hanging a little as if he were half inclined to swerve, he ran on gamely and won by a length. Harvester was a bad third; but it is quite impossible to believe that this can have been his true form. Duke of Richmond was a strong favourite for the Wokingham Stakes; but he was destined to be second twice in the week, for he gave way to Energy at the last moment, and lost the race by a length. Florence, who had won the Cup and the Trafford Welter race at Manchester, confirmed that excellent form by winning the High-Weight Plate in a canter, although giving as much as 23 lbs. to horses of her own age. Such running as this makes her wretched performances in the spring quite inexplicable. For the Alexandra Plate, Faugh-a-ballagh, who won that race last year, was opposed by Corrie Roy and Donald. Corrie Roy had a slight advantage in the weights over Faugh-a-ballagh, which told over the long three-mile course. Both were completely pumped out at the finish, and they fairly "reeled" in, but Corrie Roy had a length the best of it. The Duke of Westminster's Farewell was made favourite for the Windsor Castle Stakes for two-year-olds, but Crosskeys, who had won a race at Newmarket, won easily, and Farewell was absolutely last. In the Triennial Stakes, Talisman at last won a race, but apparently much against his will, for he tried to shirk, and only won by a neck. This was his twelfth attempt.

The weather was fine throughout the week, and the racing was interesting; but to backers the late Ascot meeting must have been anything but satisfactory.

THE LATIN UNION CONVENTION.

THE Swiss Government has in technical phrase "denounced" the Latin Monetary Convention, which was renewed in 1878, and which in consequence of this denunciation will terminate at the end of next year, if not previously renewed. It does not by any means follow, however, that Switzerland means to withdraw from the Union, and it is certain that very strenuous efforts will be made to renew the Convention. The Union was one of those attempts made by the late Emperor Napoleon to bring about a Confederation, or at least a League, of the so-called Latin races, under the leadership of France. Its immediate object was to ensure that the coins of the countries entering into it should be of the same denomination, weight, and purity, and should circulate freely within the dominions of all. The Union consists at present of France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and Greece; but it was the hope of the Emperor Napoleon that Spain, Portugal, Roumania, and the Spanish and Portuguese communities of America would ultimately enter into it. He dreamed also that this monetary union might be made the foundation of a commercial and political union, or at least, as we said, of a League of some kind under the presidency of France. Perhaps if he had possessed the abilities with which he was credited in the early part of his reign, or if he had found such a Minister as Prince Bismarck, some part of the dream might have been realized. But its realization has been rendered impossible by Sedan. Still, the Convention outlived the Empire, and, as stated above, was revised and prolonged six years ago. France is by far the wealthiest of the

nations forming the Union, and with her Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium have by far more intimate and important commercial relations than with any other foreign country. It is extremely useful, therefore, for all these countries to have the same monetary system, and all, therefore, have an interest in prolonging the Union. Moreover, all of them have immense masses of silver in circulation. In France, for example, there is a vast silver currency; while the Bank of France alone holds above 40½ millions sterling of the metal. If the Union were to be broken up, and there were to be in consequence a demonetization of silver, the metal would be depreciated so much in value that the loss to the several States would be very serious. The demonetization of silver by Germany caused a depreciation of above 15 per cent. A demonetization by the Latin Union, followed, as it inevitably would be, by a demonetization all over Europe and America, would practically render silver unsaleable. There would be no sufficient demand for it elsewhere, and the price would consequently fall so low that the losses to the several States would be extremely great. It is certain, therefore, that the several Governments have strong motives for renewing the Convention, and they may reckon upon the support of the United States Government. It is not probable that the United States Government will enter the Union; but it will be strongly inclined to agree to any stipulations that will perpetuate the Latin Union. The Chicago Convention has already pledged the Republican party to do what it can to rehabilitate silver, and doubtless the Democratic party, if it were to be successful, would adopt the same policy, for bimetalism is the old policy of the American Government. Besides, the United States, like France, have a considerable silver coinage; while the American people desire strongly to maintain the price of silver—a valuable product of their own country. There will therefore be strenuous efforts made to induce our own Government and that of Germany to adopt such measures as will facilitate the renewal of the Latin Union. And those efforts will be aided by the Indian Government, which is hardly less interested than the Governments of France and the United States in raising the value of silver.

There is little real superiority in one or other of the two precious metals as a standard of value. Gold in the past, it is true, has fluctuated in value less widely than silver; and so far, therefore, it is a better standard. Moreover, for rich countries it is a better standard, since it is a dearer metal; while, on the other hand, silver is more suitable for poor countries. It is contended by the bimetalists that, although silver has in the past fluctuated more violently than gold, yet a bimetallic system is preferable to monometallism, because the combination of the two metals renders the fluctuations less violent, if more frequent. But recent experience disproves the theory. It is further contended that the tendency of all civilized nations at present is to adopt gold and demonetize silver; that the ultimate effect of this must be to render gold extremely scarce, and, therefore, to increase largely its purchasing power—in other words, to lower prices generally and produce all the evils which follow constantly falling prices; that these evils will be aggravated by the struggles of the several countries to procure gold, which will render financial crises more frequent and more serious than they have been in the past; in short, that there is not enough gold for all the countries that want it, and that therefore all countries should agree in maintaining silver as well as gold as legal tender. It may freely be admitted that, if all countries did agree to adopt bimetalism there would be no objection to the system. If there were any central Parliament that could give the legal tender character both to silver and gold, and could ensure that its orders would be obeyed, bimetalism would undoubtedly work. For that matter, paper would then be as good a standard of value as any other: for a universally recognized Parliament could give the legal tender character to any material it pleased. But as matters stand at present, the difficulty is to induce the various countries of the world to adopt bimetalism, and to ensure that, if by any chance they do adopt it, they will maintain it for any length of time. Up to the present Prince Bismarck has shown very little inclination to adopt bimetalism. He deliberately discarded silver as the standard of value in Germany and adopted gold, and up to the present time he has shown not the slightest inclination to depart from his policy. We fail to see any inducement that can be offered him now to help France and the United States out of their difficulties. But supposing that the German and English Governments could be induced to adopt bimetalism, the difficulty would still remain, how the policy could be perpetuated? A Convention of the kind would be concluded only for a certain number of years, just as commercial treaties are; and when those years elapsed, bimetalism might be discarded just as Free-trade has been. It is well, then, that the public should ask what sufficient motive there is for subordinating our municipal law to international engagements, and running the risk of doing so in vain. For it is unquestionable that if only a few countries adopt bimetalism, the cheaper metal will have a tendency to drive out the dearer, and therefore the bimetallic countries will be left with silver alone in circulation, while the monometallic countries will get gold. It may be objected that this has not occurred either in France or in the United States; but it is to be remembered that France has prevented the evil by suspending the coinage of silver altogether, while the United States have avoided it by refusing to the public the right of getting silver coined at will, and limiting the amount to be coined annually even by the Government itself.

So far as this country is concerned, the ill effects of the

depreciation of silver make themselves felt chiefly through our connexion with India. The Indian Government has to pay large sums here at home in gold every year; but as the Indian Government collects its taxes in silver, it has to give a larger proportion of these taxes to meet its obligations in England than it did before, because of the depreciation of silver. Again, all English people resident in India who remit money home, either for investment or for the support of their families, have to give a larger portion of their incomes than formerly, because those incomes, being received in silver, exchange for a less amount of gold than they did in times past. Practically, therefore, for all payments of whatever kind to be made in Europe, money in India is less efficient than it was a dozen years ago. In the same way the export trade from this country to the silver-using countries undoubtedly is at a disadvantage. Our manufactures being sold in the silver-using countries for silver, and that silver being less valuable than it used to be, the profit is proportionately less. In the interest of India, therefore, and in the interest of our export trade with the silver-using countries, it seems desirable that the value of silver should be raised if the means of doing so are not otherwise objectionable. But those who urge this argument take too narrow a view of the question. Although it is the interest of India—that is to say, of the Indian Government representing the Indian taxpayers—that the value of silver should be raised, it is to the interest of the Indian exporter—that is to say, of the Indian producer of goods for the European markets—that the value of silver should remain low. Indian merchants who sell Indian produce in England exchange that produce for gold, and as the gold buys a larger amount of silver than it did formerly, practically the Indian merchants receive a higher price for their goods than they did in times past. The depreciation of silver thus acts somewhat in the same way as do the sugar bounties in Continental countries, which we discussed last week, with this difference, however, that the sugar bounties are the result of legislation, and that the depreciation of silver has been brought about chiefly by natural causes. The depreciation of silver, therefore, has contributed quite as powerfully as the opening of the Suez Canal and the extension of railways to enable India to compete with the United States and Russia in the wheat markets of Europe. If silver were suddenly to rise to its old value, the Indian export of wheat would be completely stopped, unless, indeed, the price of wheat were to rise at the same time in our markets and in the same proportion. Altogether, then, it is by no means so clear as at first sight it looks, that the real interest of India is that silver should be rehabilitated. The home charges of India amount to about 16 millions a year, and the loss by exchange, as it is called—the loss, that is, through the depreciation of silver—is about threepence in the rupee of 1s. 10½d., or about 10½ per cent., which would represent an annual loss upon the 16 millions sterling of less than 1½ millions sterling. But the development of the export trade of India will certainly benefit the taxpayers to a much greater extent than this. In the long run, of course, the development of the export trade will lead to a rise in the value of silver should there not be a general demonetization in Europe; but that rise will be slow, and in the meantime the trade and the wealth of India will have so greatly increased, while its communications will have been so much opened up, that probably it will then be in a position to continue the competition, which is possible now only by the fact of the depreciation. And what is true of India in this respect is true of all the silver-using countries. The depreciation of silver is disadvantageous to those who export from England to those countries, while it is advantageous to those who export from the silver-using countries to England. The disadvantage on one side is thus counterbalanced by an equal advantage on the other; and this being so, there seems no sufficient motive why we should give up a monetary system that is admitted to be excellent in itself, and should at the same time subordinate our municipal law to international agreements, and run the risk of doing all to no great purpose.

THE RICHTER CONCERTS.

THE story of the last three Richter concerts is one of comparative failure. The audiences have been numerous as ever, and the critics, as always, kind; but there has been a certain falling off in the concerts themselves. The novelties produced have been mostly unfortunate: either they were unhappily chosen—as, for instance, Raff's so-called *Romeo and Juliet* overture and Méhul's prelude to *La Chasse du Jeune Henri*; or they were badly rendered—as, for instance, the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Hector Berlioz. On the other hand, the older material, the stock-in-trade of Herr Richter's orchestra, has been not always interesting, as in the case of the excerpt from the *Walküre*, the "Wotan's Abschied und Feuerzauber," and in that from *Tristan und Isolde*, the concert-room arrangement of the overture and the "Isolde's Liebestod"; or they had been hurriedly rehearsed, and were imperfectly played, as was the fate of the two Beethoven symphonies, the "Pastoral" and the "Choral." Of course there were exceptions. Thus, the seventh concert was remarkable for a superb performance of the "Leonora" overture (which, as it seems to us, Herr Richter knows better, and plays better, than anything else of Beethoven's we have heard him do), and a brisk and vigorous rendering of Liszt's third *Hungarian Rhapsody*, a brilliant and dashing piece of clatter not heard in England before; while the ninth, which included the "Choral" symphony and the *Schicksalslied* of Brahms,

is in some sort memorable for a magnificent production of the *Tannhäuser* overture. Twice, too, has Mme. Schuch-Proska, a lady with not much voice, but with an admirable method and a fine musical intelligence, been heard to advantage; once in "Glücklein im Thale," the lovely air from *Euryanthe*, and again in a charming recitative and air from the *Marriage of Figaro*. On the whole, however, the impression left by the three concerts is one of disappointment. Probably Herr Richter has had too much to do, and has found it impossible to do himself full justice at the opera and in the concert-room both. What is certain is, that he has seemed content to be heard at his best in Wagner alone, and inclined to bestow less pains than is desirable on the work of greater and less fashionable masters. This is not the way in which he won his admirable reputation; nor is this the way to keep that reputation now it is won.

The greatest disappointment of all was the *Fantastique* of Berlioz. This extraordinary work is a reflection (it was written in 1830) of all the ideals and the aspirations of Romanticism—is the absolute expression in music of the influences by which the Romantic Renaissance was inspired and of the principles by which its leaders were stimulated and controlled. The first part—"Réveries, Passions"—might have been played as an overture to *Anthony* or *Marion Delorme*. The second, "Un Bal," is such music as, in its combination of elegance and brutality, of *esprit* and passion, of gallantry and cynicism and charm, suggests the heroes and heroines—the Maufigneuses and De Marays and Rastignacs—of the *Comédie Humaine*. In the third, the famous "Scène aux Champs," there is, as it were, a mixture of Byron and Delacroix: it is landscape, but landscape informed with a certain individual and peculiar sentiment, made the mirror of a certain egoistic idiosyncrasy, like the Alpine scenery in *Manfred*, the melancholy sea and lurid sky in the *Barque de Don Juan*. As for the third and fourth, the "Marche au Supplice" and the "Songe d'une Nuit du Sabbat," they are the purest Eighteenth-Thirty in all music. Revolt, love, terror, violence, blasphemy, crime, torture, the devil—here are all the romantic influences, all the romantic moods, all the romantic ideals. And the work is typical of the epoch it reflects in other and more important senses than those of mere matter and tendency. It is rich not only in daring and in strength, but in the great quality of style; its sincerity is amazing; it is a prodigy of technical invention and accomplishment; it abounds in novel views of life and in the most brilliant practical illustrations of new theories of art. Here, for instance, is an unmistakable *leit-motif*, one of the earliest, and certainly one of the most consistent and suggestive in music. Here are instrumental combinations, achievements in sonority, effects in tone and timbre, which mark the appearance of an orchestral practice not before discovered to the world. Here are passages of narrative and description—logical, continuous, exact—which seem to prove that Wagner is no more original in work like the "Walkürenritt" and the adventure of Siegfried and Brünnhilde than in work like the music of Faufair and the bridal-march in *Lohengrin*. That the *Fantastique* is mannered, eccentric, in places even absurd, may be unhesitatingly admitted. But it is certain, all the same, that in some sort it is of special and peculiar excellence, and that it is an anticipation—original in form and unsurpassed in substance—of much that is revered as novel and incomparable in latter-day music. At Herr Richter's hands it fared but poorly. The Viennese artist seemed ill at ease, and out of sympathy with his work; he conducted his Berlioz from a score (he usually conducts from memory), and the obvious pains he took resulted in a certain heaviness, a certain insufficiency, a certain lack of life and passion and sincerity. At his best in the "Marche au Supplice" and the "Sabbat," which were clearly and neatly rendered, if with no great spirit or propriety, Herr Richter was rather cold and methodical than anything else in the "Scène aux Champs" and the "Réveries, Passions" movement; while in the "Scène du Bal," which elsewhere, even with Mr. Ganz, has nearly always to be repeated, he was no more than careful (by the way, he was content with two harps instead of four, which he would hardly have been had the music been signed "Wagner" or "Liszt") and uninspired and tame. It is much to be hoped that, when he next gives us the *Fantastique*, he will not only have rehearsed it properly with his orchestra, but studied it to greater purpose himself.

The hero of the season has certainly been Richard Wagner. Something of his has been included in every programme, and more than once he has been represented by a plurality of excerpts, a very faggot of selected masterpieces. As a natural consequence, Beethoven has suffered; of him we have had, comparatively speaking, but little, and much of that has been indifferently produced. Of Mozart we have heard but an overture and some songs; of Handel only one poor air; of Berlioz no more than the *Symphonie Fantastique*; of Gluck, Bach, Spontini, Glinka, Cherubini, Meyerbeer, not a single note. Herr Richter announces three concerts for the autumn. It is to be desired that by the time they come round he will have seen his way to making his programmes a little more catholic and a little less egoistic and exclusive.

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE GAIETY.

IT will puzzle the admirers of Mme. Judic to say whether she is seen to the greatest advantage in *Niniche*, which she has played in London before, or in the new parts which have been supplied for her by MM. Meilhac and Millaud in *Mam'zelle Nitouche* and *La*

Cosaque. In all she does Mme. Judic gives intellectual pleasure; for her style appeals emphatically to the imagination. We are not for a moment asserting that the clever plays in which the French actress appears are works of a high class. They are not; but the intellect may occupy itself with small things as well as with great. Mme. Judic speaks or sings a phrase which obviously has significance behind it; the precise nature of that significance the hearer must decide for himself. She shrugs her shoulders, makes a gesture with her hand, gives a quaint glance or an eloquent smile; the observer is left to interpret at his own list. "Il y a un silence éloquent," Rochefoucauld says; and thus Mme. Judic says much. Denise, the heroine of *Mam'zelle Nitouche*, is a school-girl, demure to all outward seeming; in fact, full of sly fun. Célestin, the organist of the convent where Denise is being educated, is, allowing for difference in age and sex, not unlike her in disposition. He is known away from the convent as Floridor, and under this title has written a comic opera. Denise has laid her mischievous hands on the score; has learnt one of the most lively numbers, a duet; and, in the course of a singing lesson which she is receiving from Célestin, lets him know that she has found him out. They sing this duet, and show a tendency to diverge into it when music of a much more sedate character ought to be sung, under the guidance of the organist. All this is, of course, precisely in Mme. Judic's vein; and so is the subsequent act, which takes place behind the scenes of the theatre where "Floridor's" opera is being given. In a fit of pique the leading actress quits the theatre. Denise knows the part, and is naturally persuaded to take it up. A credulous audience is invited to suppose that the untrained girl makes a brilliant success; but in comic opera this is a trifle. As a taste of her quality, before she goes on the stage Denise, or "Mlle. Nitouche," as she calls herself, sings the charming ballad of "Babet and Cadet." This is an eighteenth-century song, the production of Collé, who could write very gracefully when he chose. The song has been well set by M. Hervé, and forms one of the most delightful features of the opera. The third act of *Mam'zelle Nitouche* is the weakest. What there is of plot in the piece is exhausted, at least there is not enough left to make an act, and so prominence has to be given to incidental characters. One of these, a drunken sergeant of cavalry, played by M. Lassouche, is so wonderfully true that we hardly know whether it is more comic or painful. Another extremely clever study is the Major Châteaun-Gibus of M. Christian. He is a martinet of the severest type, so accustomed to giving the word of command that he conducts his private business, even his love affairs, as if addressing his regiment or presiding at a court-martial. The part is played with remarkable consistency and humour. M. Cooper, as the young lover, is throughout clever and pleasant. It was formerly a foolish fashion with some critics to over-praise all French acting with ludicrous extravagance. Recently there has been, as an equally foolish reaction, a tendency to under-praise, and we have seen adverse comments on the performances of M. Christian and M. Georges in this piece. The latter, as Célestin, is remarkably good, and the former is excellent.

The part of the Princess in *La Cosaque* is in marked contrast to that of Denise in *Mam'zelle Nitouche*. Instead of the timid school-girl with the livelier side to her character, Mme. Judic is the wayward Princess who fires a revolver instead of ringing a bell, and keeps a lion instead of a lapdog. MM. Meilhac and Millaud are both to be congratulated; the former on finding a partner to replace the sharer of half a hundred successes, M. Halévy, and the latter in being admitted to the partnership. *La Cosaque*, which was only produced a few months since at the Variétés has the two great requisites of such heroes; it is amusing in itself, and affords the leading actress a capital part, besides good parts for others. In the playbills of the Gaiety all reference to M. Hervé, who composed the music for both these pieces, is omitted. They are called "comedies, with songs"; but the composer of the songs is surely worth mention. To escape from a family council of three generations, who seek to coerce or persuade her into good behaviour, the Princess, "La Cosaque," as she is called, makes her way to Paris under the escort of Jules Primitif, traveller for the firm of Mme. Dupotin et Cie., who has been sent to the Princess's palace in St. Petersburg with samples of lace. The three Princes—Cyrille, grandfather, Grégoire, son, and Fédor, grandson, that is, son of Grégoire—have all tender reminiscences of Paris, and are not sorry for the excuse they find to follow their charming relative. Primitif does not know the companion of his journey, with whom, however, he falls violently in love. She accepts the position of assistant at Mme. Dupotin's, and treats customers with an imperiousness which belongs to the Russian Princess rather than to the saleswoman. Her songs present her with those chances of effect which no actress understands better how to utilize. One of the first introduces inartistic expressions which would be vulgar from almost any other lips, but have no trace of vulgarity from the lips of Mme. Judic. The description of a saleswoman's duties is also capital, and there is a charm about "Colinette" which makes it no less popular with hearers than the "Babet et Cadet." There are some touches of real sentiment in the love affairs of the Princess and her lover which Mme. Judic shows with rare delicacy. Her "Ne m'aime pas" to Primitif is irresistible. Every playgoer who knows the play and knows the company would be able to cast *La Cosaque*, for the characters fit those who are called upon to present them with noteworthy neatness. M. Christian is the middle-aged Prince Grégoire, M. Georges the elderly Cyrille, and

M. Lassouche Fédor. The last-named is extremely funny throughout. He questions Primitif as to the last popular song at the Café des Ambassadeurs, and his imitation of the facile Parisian's method of giving the quaint refrain is most diverting. In the second act, where he is mistaken by a fascinating customer of Mme. Dupotin for the assistant deputed to measure her for a new dress, the business is unquestionably broad. It is the artist's merit, however, that fun is always uppermost. M. Georges does well the little he has to do. M. Christian has much merit, but does not succeed as he did in *Nitouche*. His Grégoire lacks humour in spite of the performer's diligence and energy. M. Cooper plays brightly as Primitif—we need not go into the secret of his birth, which is a point of the play—and sings most agreeably without having a note in his voice.

MUSIC IN CHANCERY.

MESSRS. BOOSEY & CO. write to us in reference to the article "Music in Chancery" in last week's *Saturday Review*. They urge that their claim was not an afterthought, but was shown in evidence to have been made in substance some time ago, and that they endeavoured recently to come to terms with Dr. Stanford on the understanding that the opera should be performed in English first. We willingly give publicity to these statements, and our readers may decide whether and how far they affect the article in question.

REVIEWS.

THE HISTORICAL MONUMENTS OF FRANCE.*

THE attraction of Mr. Hunnewell's book, which is considerable, is almost wholly an attraction of matter; and the fact that it is considerable is a reason for condoning, as far as possible, certain undeniable shortcomings in point of form—not only the strict literary form of style, but general handling and treatment. Severe criticism from the latter point of view Mr. Hunnewell assuredly cannot stand. Although he mentions the fact of legal status which makes the historical monuments of France almost as unique in point of condition as they are in point of number and material interest, Mr. Hunnewell has not, as he might well have done, criticized the zeal (very far from according to knowledge) which has marked the history of their preservation. He is, as far as we have observed, grateful, with a plentiful lack of discrimination, for the reckless restoration which has destroyed in at least as many cases as those in which it has preserved. In beginning his survey of France from the archaeological standpoint he has prefixed some rather naïve remarks on French travel, which are more excusable, no doubt, in an inhabitant of the New World than in an inhabitant of the Old. Moreover, any one who chose to pull to pieces the details of his miscellaneous statements, not merely in the preface but throughout the work, would assuredly find plenty to do. He must know, or ought to know, that in saying that "Over the country first were rude and Pagan Gallic tribes" (the italics are ours), he makes a statement almost demonstrably false, and that in attributing without hesitation the dolmens scattered far and wide to these tribes he is stating, without qualification or safeguard, a proposition which, whether probable or improbable, is certainly not proved. When he follows up his aboriginal Pagan Gallic tribes with Romans, Germans, and Normans, and then (adhering, as far as we can see, to chronological order, in intention at least) mentions Arabs and Basques as persons who had "minor influence," he again betrays a singular indifference to the results of historic and ethnological research. A statement on his fourth page about "King René, who introduced so much good wine and minstrelsy to France," throws the instructed reader into singular meditations. There are certain senses in which the statement is no doubt true; but it is calculated to convey the impression that Mr. Hunnewell thinks that good wine needed to be introduced into France in the fifteenth century, and that he takes a very late and not particularly gifted follower of five centuries of troubadours and trouvères as a father of French poetry. Yet, again, when he says that his "splendid Pagan Romans left their impress" on the language that we find to-day, he uses a very odd metaphor. We do not generally say that Páros and Pentelicos left their impress on the monuments of Greek art; and Mr. Hunnewell's phrase, unless it is simply thoughtless, would seem to show a decided absence of comprehension on his part of the fact that the matter, no less than the form of French, is Latin to such an extent that all other ingredients and influences are insignificant in comparison. Finally, Mr. Hunnewell's style is not exactly that of a master in the literary craft. But on these matters we care to dwell no further; and we have dwelt on them so far chiefly because a merely generalizing notice is anything but a compliment to the author of a book. In many ways Mr. Hunnewell's book might have been done much better. But, as a survey of France intended for the use of strangers who are anxious to see its treasures of historical art, and as a collection of sketches and descriptions which would otherwise

* *The Historical Monuments of France*. By James F. Hunnewell. Boston, U.S.: Osgood. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

have to be sought in a large number of scattered, and in some cases out-of-the-way, publications, the volume has a very considerable value. That value, if not directly increased for Englishmen, is certainly not lessened by the author's anxious desire to inculcate on his own countrymen the importance of preserving while it is yet time such historical monuments as America possesses. We have suffered too much from late awakening to this necessity ourselves not to sympathize with any effort to take time by the forelock elsewhere.

The plan of Mr. Hunnewell's work is that of an irregular itinerary, beginning at the extreme south-east corner of the country, and working westward and northward. He has added to this sketch nearly seventy pages, filled partly with lists of historical monuments of different classes, and partly with miscellaneous information bearing on them, and he has illustrated the whole with twenty-two large-sized and generally well-executed heliogravures of important scenes or objects. These are avowedly taken from existing works, and do not pretend to any originality. Indeed Mr. Hunnewell, with a proper spirit of scholarship, takes pains to explain that they are merely, as it were, so many illustrative quotations. They include Carnac (from Mr. Miln's well-known book), the Pont du Gard, the Gate of St. Gilles by Arles, Carcassonne in its old state and in its new, the west fronts of Reims Cathedral, of Amiens, and of Chartres, some details of the last-named place, plans of five great Cathedrals, the inevitable house of Jacques Coeur, Coucy according to M. Viollet le Duc, Pierrefonds as it is, Blois before and after restoration, Chambord, Fontainebleau, the ceiling of the Grand Gallery at Versailles, the Morlaix Viaduct (which, though the author pleads its use for comparison, is, we venture to think, out of place, and which, if comparison is necessary, had much better have been replaced by the aqueduct of Roquefavour), some houses at Le Mans, and, to finish, St. Ouen. It will be observed that this list is a little spoiled by the author's inexplicable docility in accepting restorations, and that it might for completely representative purposes have been slightly altered and increased with advantage. But such alterations and additions can always be made by a critic, and there is no need to draw up fancy lists of them. Neither is there any need to attempt to open Mr. Hunnewell's eyes on the point of restoration à la Viollet le Duc. It is good that a man should love ancient monuments well even if he does not love them altogether wisely, and the state of him who rejoices in a spick-and-span Carcassonne or Pierrefonds is better than that state in which the Lord Francis of this world regret that they and their ancestors have not "done for" historical persons or monuments altogether.

The real value of a book like this lies in the chance that readers of it will be tempted to go and see likewise, to explore for themselves on the lines of the exploration which it describes. As it is, it can scarcely be said that France, as a whole, is a well-known country to Englishmen. Very few of her districts rank among regular holiday places, and perhaps to no country have railways done more harm in this particular respect. France is on the way to everywhere, no doubt, but to be on the way to everywhere is nowadays exactly the best possible qualification for being rested in on the way to nowhere. It is the proper thing for every one who journeys beyond Paris to grumble about *wagons-lits*. No one would have anything to do with *wagons-lits* whatever, if he gave the Morvan and the Bourbonnais, Burgundy and the Rhone country, Auvergne and the Cevennes, the time and the attention they deserve. It is the very laudable ambition of Railway Companies, whose ambition is not always laudable, to cut down the hours between London and Paris, exactly as it is the ambition of Steamboat Companies to cut down the days between Liverpool and New York. With the latter effort there is no cause to quarrel, for if the ocean is not disappointing, it offers few stopping-places. But when it comes to nine hours instead of ten and eight hours instead of nine, or, for the matter of that, to eighteen instead of nineteen, how shall a man "do" an Amiens or a Château Gaillard on the way? On the other hand, except in the case of professed historical or literary students, France (putting out of the question the Mediterranean corner, which luckily contains many interesting relics, the Pyrenees to a much less extent, and Brittany to an extent, except as far as sedentary economizers and wandering pedestrians are concerned, even less considerable) is very little haunted by the Briton. No country has better guide-books, for those of Joanne can give points in the way of information and variety of contents, especially if illustration and maps be concerned, to almost any other series. Although very much dearer than it used to be, the country is still far cheaper than England or than any show district in Europe; its means of communication, if not extremely rapid or convenient, are universal and not costly. Except in a few very limited districts, there is always something to see, and everywhere there is unsurpassed historical and literary interest. Last of all, if the traveller does not go to France soon, there will be no France to see. What with restored historical monuments and Haussmannized towns, it will probably, after another fifty years of Republic or Empire, be preferable to stay in London. Here we have nearly done destroying our old monuments, and are trying to do what we can in the way of making new ones. In France the process of destruction is at its height. It is, however, very far from accomplished. No one who begins with Mr. Hunnewell's book in an unscientific fashion will have much difficulty in discovering a wider or narrower scene of operations. When he has visited that scene, if not before, he will scarcely rest content with Mr. Hunnewell, and he will probably find out how to add to the interest of his

journeys by doing what Mr. Hunnewell has abstained from doing, and exploring not merely the historical but the literary interest, which attaches to most of the places here noticed and to many of those omitted. For our part we should recommend a system of division by provinces or groups of provinces. There is far more idiosyncrasy of character not merely historically, but even actually, in the French province than most Englishmen with departments in their heads nowadays understand.

It is for its possible effect on determining such journeys that Mr. Hunnewell's handsome and well-intentioned book seems chiefly worthy of notice. In some other respects than those mentioned above, the author might have improved it considerably. His descriptions are often much too meagre, and become mere lists, less useful because less distinct and orderly, than the lists proper of his appendix. Thus no good can be done, but some harm, by lumping Autun, Sémaur, Auxerre, and Sens in half a dozen sentences of nearly twenty lines. Mont St. Michel is, in proportion to its singularity and interest, even more cavalierly treated. We do not find the quaint town of Concarneau noticed at all, and neither the index nor, as far as we have noticed, the text gives a hint of the supposed site of the *Eduan* capital at Beuvray. To say of a church like the Folgoet that "some persons may think it rather the result of superstition than of faith," appears, from every point of view we can think of, singularly inept, and we very much wish we knew what Mr. Hunnewell had in his mind when he gravely wrote down the words, "In England, where the so-called Conquest brought about remarkable results, the Norman power was greatest." But, as we have said, we prefer not to dwell on the weaknesses of a book which calls up many pleasant memories and is itself a handsome volume. One remark of a mechanical kind, however, we must make. The illustrations as noted are excellent, the type clear and good, and the paper very satisfactory; but is it not rather a *reductio ad absurdum* of the American plan of machine-shaving the edges to leave the sides where the sheets are folded uncut? The reader has after all to have recourse to his paper-knife, and yet he has not the solace of the pleasantly fringed paper to reward him. If laziness and a mistaken love of trimness are to be consulted at all, let them be consulted consistently.

THREE NOVELS.*

RUPERT DISNEY was a man of thirty-eight, and private secretary to Lord Gresham, an almost sinecure position, very different from that of most private secretaries to Cabinet Ministers nowadays. He was a good-looking man, with a resolute will and a keen intellect, much kindness of heart tempered by a tone of irony, and a general air of prosperity, looking as if the world and all things in it had gone well with him. This rather enviable gentleman had a nephew, Harold Disney, a very young officer in a cavalry regiment quartered at Brighton. Harold was not a wise youth, and his looks were in unison with his unwisdom. The soft contour of his fair rosy face "bespoke an immaturity that is apt to merge into overbloom." His uncle was vexed to find that this nephew had established a footing of intimacy with a family of fifth-rate women who were living in Hugh Street, Piccadilly. This family consisted of a Mrs. Wynter, who was always reminding her friends that they had a relation a Duke, and of three daughters—Missy the mimic, Lily the beautiful, and Addie, "who did not count." The nephew carried off his uncle to visit his friends. Now Mr. Rupert Disney had an instinctive hatred of vulgarity, meanness, slang, and small jokes; and the mother and the two daughters, who begged for invitations to officers' messes, and even for the unconsumed food left upon their tables, and who asked their female acquaintance for their left-off clothes, were positively loathsome to the fastidious private secretary. Harold, however, escaped from the Hugh Street meshes, and was called a "brute" and "beast" for his backwardness in coming forward. He transferred his facile affections to Miss Dulcibella Surge, an American medium, who is described with fine lights and shades of character. Her evident mission in life was to marry a rich slangy young English gentleman, who desired nothing better than to be ruled and made much of by a person with better brains than his own. But if Rupert Disney was himself a master of irony, he was a marked victim of what is called the irony of fate. The sensible, self-contained, high-bred gentleman, who hated everything low, and who shrank with a mimosa-like sensitiveness from unwomanliness in woman, the uncle who shuddered at the bare notion of having a slipshod Wynter girl for a niece, had himself not been a wise lover. He had adored Aurelia Lynton, who had thrown him over for a rich nobleman. He had then had a love affair, of which we hear but little, with an Austrian widow. He had worn the shackles of a Miss Hermia Lyons who was studying for the stage, and who became the wife of a tobaccoist. Aurelia, Lady Ferney, who spoke and thought coarsely, and who had "the quivering scarlet nostrils which betoken that their owner—equine or human—sticks at nothing," still hankered after the man she had jilted, and, failing to recapture him, did her best to spite him and to thwart his wishes. But he voluntarily became the affianced husband of a woman less bold and passionate, but more false

* *Point Blank*. By the Author of "Jack Urquhart's Daughter." 3 vols. Bentley & Son.

Three Sisters; or, Sketches of a Highly Original Family. By Anon. 2 vols. Sampson Low & Co.

The Wizard's Son. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "The Curate in Charge," "Young Musgrave," &c. 3 vols. Macmillan & Co.

and contemptible than his old flame whom he had learned to know and to despise. Marguerite Rieder was a heartless woman, full of affectations, "with whom insincerity was a habit, and who could not breathe the air of simple, unconscious truth." She thought it pretty to cover herself with pearls and daisies in honour of her name, and to wear dresses fantastic and original such as it never entered the head of any milliner to devise. She never troubled herself about other women unless there was anything in their garments or adornments which she thought it worth while to copy and improve upon. Rupert Disney knew that he did not love this woman, that she was absolutely unlovable. He even despised and suspected her, and his contempt and suspicion warped his naturally genial disposition and made him cynical and almost ill conditioned. But he was a loyal gentleman who thought no man had a right to escape from unhappiness at the price of his honour. He would unflinchingly have set the seal on his own misery if his prettyish sallow *fiancée*, whose skin his irreverent nephew Harold declared had the complexion of cold pea-soup, had not clandestinely married a young marquis, who, when a boy at Eton, had found his chief pleasure in roasting white mice alive, and who as a man cheated at cards and was addicted to most forms of blackguardism. Mr. Disney, like most wise men, was a fool about women; but he was in most actions of his life a gentleman, "beak and talons," as the French say. He made one great lapse, however, from "gentility" when he wrote a scolding and, truth to say, rather a spiteful letter to Lady Stamer upbraiding her for her treachery. It is the part of a true gentleman as well as of a wise man to smile and to keep silent when a woman deals him a wound. And all this time we have barely mentioned the name of Addie or Adelaide Wynter, who did not count with the rest of her family. She is no cypher, however, in the story, and she counted for a great deal in the future fortunes of Rupert Disney. How she influenced them it is for the author, and not for us, to tell. *Point Blank* is a decidedly clever and well-written story, and quite worthy of the author of *Jack Urquhart's Daughter*. We think so highly of the book that we will venture on a word of advice which we should not care to offer to a writer of inferior merit. We will hint this word of counsel as delicately as we can. It is this. The lines of drawing in the portraits of the personages of this tale are so true and so good that a certain pulpiness and extra warmth of colour, such as are to be seen in the picture of Lady Ferney, for instance, are not only unnecessary and out of keeping with the general surroundings, but are calculated to give somewhat of a shock to persons of good taste. A little closer attention to style and grammar is also sometimes to be desired. A Lady Letitia ought not to be made to say in print, though we are afraid that many Lady Letitias would say in spoken words, "Did you ever hear of any one making such a goose of themselves as Harold did at dinner?" and Adelaide Wynter, an author herself and a governess to boot, should not remark that "A person may sometimes wish that they had never known a very happy life when circumstances are forcing them," &c. A "duel à l'outrance" is not French, nor is "en déshabille," nor is "que dira ton," as the author writes and divides the words. What is an "Imperder cigar"?

If the old saw, that the eloquence of an orator lies in the ears of his audience, deserves general acceptance, the narrator of these adventures of "a highly original family" ought to begin by packing the house with prosperous gentlemen who have well dined, mothers whose daughters are not quite of the regulation pattern, young lovers who are allowed to sit near each other, boys at home for the holidays, and girls whose governesses are on a prolonged visit to their friends. "Superior persons" of any kind should be informed that, for them, there is no standing room to be obtained for love or money; and unfrivolous people, who see no fun in the adventures of Miss Alcott's "Little Women," and who read *Vice Versa* with a countenance as unmoved as if they were conning the advertisements in the *Times*, should ask to have their money returned. Mrs. Denbigh and her three daughters are delightfully eccentric persons. Their eccentricities, however, are diverse and various. Each wears her rue with a difference. They live in a German *residenz*, and eke out a wofully scanty income by giving lessons in music and English and by translating advertisements of a particularly glossy blacking. Nora, Elizabeth, and Dorry are the names of the young ladies, who make atrocious puns, go to parties dressed in table-cloths for want of more conventional clothing, and who pass themselves off on their visitors as their own maidservants. We can fancy many persons moved to scorn rather than to laughter by the very foolish and delightful story of the two girls who, having bought a big shabby old clock, hide it in the flower-bed of a public garden on the approach of a gentleman of their acquaintance. He accosts them, and takes a seat by their side, whereupon the wicked time-piece emits loud spiteful strikes from its hiding-place, and thus betrays the shameful secret of its poor little owners. The book is full of similar absurdities. This galimatias of nonsense, however, which the grave and foolish will scoff at and which the merry and wise will chuckle over, is not monotonously frolicsome. The death of poor home-sick little Dorry, who is drowned in the Dnieper while attempting to save the life of her Russian pupil, is as honestly touching and pathetic as the rest of the tale is honestly funny and humorous. The author seems to think that a novel must contain at least one pair of lovers, so she gets up a courtship between Elizabeth Denbigh and a Mr. O'Brien. But this love affair re-

quires a good deal of "make believe" on the part of the reader. It is scarcely possible to think of "Bet" as a married woman with the cares of a household upon her. *Three Sisters* is a very charming book; we recommend the author, however, another time to supply herself with a little more stuff to work upon; like her own Nora, she is very successful in hiding her paucity of material by plentifully "dropping bows" upon it. Very pretty and winsome these bows are; but the device, like other fleeting fashions, must soon wear out. A person capable of writing so good a story as this should eschew the ponderous playfulness of calling herself "Mr. Anon."

It may be laid down that a ghost should only at rare intervals and for a few brief moments revisit the glimpses of the moon. Even Sir Walter Scott, the greatest magician of all time, failed when he fixed an historical period for the appearance of his White Lady of Avenel, and when he brought her with wearisome frequency upon the stage, across which so ethereal a spirit should only have flitted once or twice in the course of the story. Lockhart is right when he says that "a phantom with whom we have leisure to grow familiar is sure to fail." The author of *The Wizard's Son* has struggled valorously with these difficulties and almost overcome them. She has told a ghost story in three volumes, which, with intervals of tediousness, is interesting throughout. The tone of the book is as pure and even lofty as that of *Sintram*. Much indeed of the story itself reminds us of *La Motte Fouqué's* masterpiece. The poor hero of Mrs. Oliphant's story has, however, no fierce passions to rid himself of like the Scandinavian knight. He is a feckless shambly sort of young man who frets his mother by his want of ambition, his failure of distinction in his studies, and his taste for doubtful company. He frequently falls into paroxysms of weak anger against himself, and proclaims that he is "a cad"; and vague hints are given of his "badness." But he is not a cad at all, and we cannot see that he is even vicious. He seems to us very much like other young men would have grown to be who were brought up under similar circumstances, and who were born with a similar flexibility of moral backbone. Living in a small English country town with a mother in straitened circumstances, who was equally wrapped up and disappointed in him, with no career open to him, and with only the uncertain prospect of a clerkship in a Scotch attorney's office, it was natural enough that a young gentleman of Walter Methven's modest aspirations should be content to smoke and drink and play economical games of cards with Captain Underwood and that mysterious officer's boon companions. Sometimes, when he grew tired of his unintellectual companions, he would say spiteful things of them, and the "Captain" would try to put him in better spirits by confidently prophesying that something good would be sure to turn up for him one day. When this "far-off collateral," Walter Methven, who barely knew that he had a distant relation, a rich nobleman, suddenly became Lord Erradeen, the surprise was not so great to Underwood, and that *pour cause*, as it was to the lad and his mother. This disreputable mentor warned the young peer of various "mysteries" which haunted his Scottish houses, and these hints were more than confirmed by Miss Alison Milnathort, the sister of Lord Erradeen's solicitor, who had herself been a victim of the uncanny influences at work on Kinloch Houran, where the wizard ancestor of Walter Methven played strange pranks with his descendants. Lord Erradeen soon found himself in a constant "fever of impulses which drew him like mesmerism." The evil influence of the warlock lord could only be overcome by the union of "two persons set upon all good things," a man and a woman who should together make up the perfect man. Lord Erradeen would have united himself to the rich heiress Katie Williamson. She "would have fought the very Devil for him and brought him off"; but that young lady saw that it was his hand and not his heart which the young lord offered her, and she declined to become Lady Erradeen. Another of his old flames, Julia Herbert, would have been of little use to him as a guide and protectress. Oona Forrester alone could save him. She alone, with her own goodness, could draw out the good that still lay latent in him. She was resolute to save the poor man who was powerless to save himself, and who could never stand very firmly without female support. At the cost of a broken arm to her lover, and the agony of a day and night passed by both of them in the ruins of a burning house, the wizard's direful lamp was shattered, and the hero of the tale was freed for ever from the companionship of his unpleasant and pertinacious forbear. It is needless to say that Mrs. Oliphant has written this strange story with the skill of a practised hand. Her style is always even and correct, and her good taste is seldom at fault.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.*

THE seventeenth volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* discusses all knowledge which begins alphabetically at Motanarbi or Motenerbi, and ends at Ormuzd. The immense variety of persons and things which lie between the two are, as usual, treated by competent writers. Prof. E. Ray Lankester, Prof. Moseley, and others sign the scientific articles. Dr. Freeman, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Middleton write on history and art. The presence of such names among the contributors is enough to show that the volume contains much which is not only useful for purposes of

* The *Encyclopædia Britannica*: a Dictionary of Arts, Science, and General Literature. Ninth edition. Vol. XVII. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1884.

reference, but has an independent literary and critical value. How far it will be interesting to the mere reader for curiosity depends obviously on his taste. If he happens to enjoy geography he will have a feast. Very early, supposing him to begin at the beginning, which is perhaps less plainly the right course in tackling an encyclopedia than another work, he will find an account of Mysore by Dr. Hunter. Then he may go further east, to Nanking, with Professor Douglas. He may double back through Nepal, with Dr. Wright as a guide, and reach the United States by New Guinea, Mr. Coutts Thomas *duce*. Once in the New World he may stay there indefinitely. New Brunswick (Mr. G. Stewart), Newfoundland (Rev. M. Harvey), New Hampshire (Professor C. H. Hitchcock and J. K. Lord), New Jersey (General Maclellan), New Mexico (Hon. J. B. Prince), and New Orleans (Mr. C. W. Cable) all follow one another. The name of Mr. Cable is tempting. After these come many others—seas, countries, and cities—before we reach Ormuz (Colonel Yule, C.B.), and hear about its ruined Portuguese castle, its former glories of silk and pearls, and its present desolation. As far as we can judge, the relative length of the articles corresponds fairly to the comparative importance of the subjects. It is not self-evident that Napier of Merchiston is entitled to nearly as many columns as Newton; but, then, Mr. Glaisher's biography of the pious and mathematical Scotch laird is highly interesting. Some of the engravings in the text are neatly done, and there is a good handful of coloured plates at the end; the first, intended as an illustration to the article on Mural Decoration (Messrs. Morris and Middleton), is singularly pleasant to look on.

Turning to the individual articles, we select the biographical first as being the least technical. One or two of them are by no means what we should expect in a work of this class. Professor J. R. Seeley is responsible for an article on Napoleon which is full of that absurdity the historic present and of marks of interrogation. Mr. Seeley is continually asking, What was Napoleon to do now? and then answering himself, rather after the manner of the eloquent Chadband. Mr. W. O. Morris writes of Nelson with depressing solemnity, and shakes his head over the sad Lady Hamilton business like a highly moral man. We have to make a criticism on the editing of this part of the Encyclopedia. It would add to the value of the work if special articles were devoted to great families. At this moment we are hearing a good deal of the house of Nassau, and are likely to hear more, but on turning to the article on that word at p. 238, we only find an account of the place, and a very brief mention of a few of its princes. Now a pedigree and a sketch of the family history would fill the columns of the Encyclopedia quite as usefully and much more agreeably than monotonous plans of New Orleans or New York. The advantage of such a novelty is illustrated in this very volume. It contains notices of two remarkable "strips of nobles" belonging to our own history. Four articles are devoted to the Norths, who produced the economist of the seventeenth century and the fat and imperturbable Prime Minister of George III. Four articles are required by the Napiers. The Laird of Merchiston fills nineteen columns with credit. The brothers Sir Charles and Sir William, with their cousin the noisy Admiral, precede and follow the inventor of logarithms. It would surely be instructive to be able to see at a glance what was the descent of the wonderful fighting brood of Napiers, who feared nothing but soap and water, according to the well-known saying. There are some other deficiencies in this respect. John Norris, "the disciple of Plato and Malebranche," has over two columns to himself; but nothing is said about the Elizabethan soldiers. The words pedigree and family suggest reference to the article on "Nobility." It is the work of Mr. Freeman; and that, again, is equivalent to saying that it is concise, lucid, instructive, and just a trifle whimsical. Mr. Freeman shows from the history of Rome what a nobility is, and how there may be different forms of it. Then he applies the lesson to the modern world; and, with his well-known power of making things clear, conveys his meaning without a superfluity of examples. But, and that also is usual with him, he carries his respect for the accurate use of words to the verge of pedantry. It is a favourite proposition of his that we have never had a nobility in the proper sense, because we have not had a privileged caste like the French noblesse. Surely this is taking the accident for the essence of the thing. We have always had a number of families, titled or untitled, which have enjoyed social position, and have been thought to have a right by birth to leadership and influence, provided they could turn out men of reasonable energy and brains. It is this pre-eminence which makes a nobility not the exact form or extent of their privileges.

Mr. Freeman also contributes two historical articles on Normandy and the Normans. Whoever has even a moderate familiarity with contemporary historical literature knows beforehand what they contain, and whoever has directed his reading to other fields, or, as is generally the case, has read next to nothing, may study them with the certainty that he will find a host of facts admirably well stated, and views of history and politics founded on study and thought. Mr. Barnaby's sketch of naval history is a far less satisfactory piece of work. It is the sad fortune of the service to have been at all times very badly written about, at least as far as its history goes. The article in the Encyclopedia does not look as if we were about to see better things. Some of the sentences are so worded as to be misstatements of facts. Take, for instance, this one. "In consequence of the dissipation of the King"—Mr. Barnaby is speaking of Charles II.—"and his pecuniary difficulties, he neglected the navy on

account of the expenses; the Duke was sent abroad and Pepys to the Tower." This looks as if it was because of the King's dissipation that the Duke of York went into exile and Pepys was sent to prison. Indeed, the whole article is singularly confused. Reasons of a business nature probably explain why the American navy has a sub-article to itself by Lieutenant Kelly, whereas the navies of France and Holland, which assuredly deserve notice in this place, are passed over. The account of the actually existing maritime forces of the world is good and clear. A very long article—there are fifty-two columns of it—is given to "newspapers." The student of the history of the press will find in it how our own grew to its present flourishing condition, and will also learn the main facts at least about the presses of the Continent and America. It is copiously illustrated by tables. The authors give another stab to the absurd old story about the *English Mercurie* supposed to have been started in the Armada year by Elizabeth and Burleigh, which has not only taken in the authors of "the latest works on English journalism"—no remarkable feat for the rest—but even the too credulous M. Forneron, who does know the history of the sixteenth century. The article is not, however, so complete as it might well be. There is, for one thing, no proper notice taken of the famous press of Holland, which, especially in its earlier period, well deserves study. In the sixteenth and seventeenth century the Dutch gazettes and caricatures were a force in European politics.

This volume is not remarkable for general literary articles, but Mr. Sime's study of the *Nibelungen Lied* is scholarly and clear. Mythology and Names are not easy to class under any particular heading; but, as dealt with by Mr. Lang, they make excellent reading. He proves in the first that mythology has tempted various learned persons into making imposing-looking theories that will not stand criticism, and then proceeds to point out what are the facts about the subject. On the whole, he accounts for what is absurd or shocking in myths on the indisputable ground that there is more of the fool than of the wise man in human nature, and that primitive man was and savage man is nearly as credulous as a spiritualist. Myths, from Mr. Lang's account, seem to be generally very dull rubbish till they fall into the hands of the poet. The article on Names, which might be so cruelly dull, is a bright essay, full of the delightful inconsequences and crackling phrases which are found in Mr. Lang's writing. A remarkable number of religious subjects come in between "Mot" and "Orm." Professor Andrew Smith does his best to say what Mysticism is; but, as he justly observes, it is a not easy thing to make intelligible. Principal Tulloch writes of Neander and his "theological position." Professor Albrecht Socin, an ideal name for a writer on religion, sketches the history and describes the opinions of the Nestorians. Oaths, though commonly another thing in practice, are historically and theoretically religious. Dr. Taylor has been entrusted with the task of showing what they have been and ought to be. Obadiah and the Obadias are disposed of by Professor W. R. Smith. His article is a good deal longer than the one chapter of the most minor of minor Prophets. Mr. J. Bass Mullinger discusses the newest phase of the unchanging Church in a paper on Old Catholics. It is, however, impossible to name even a minority of the subjects treated in the 858 pages of double-columns contained within the boards of this seventeenth volume of the Encyclopedia. As far as any sane person can take upon himself to speak of the general quality of the work, it seems good. There is nothing very obviously controversial or one-sided. The reader who turns up a paper on one of the ninety-nine out of a hundred things written about here concerning which he in all probability knows nothing, may feel tolerably sure that he will get facts well stated and find references to authorities. If he looks at the hundredth thing, which he does know a trifle about, he does not find much that is alarmingly wrong. The standard of excellence in printing, paper, and arrangement is high.

VERTEBRATE ZOOLOGY.*

"I DON'T wish my child to know anything about her inside" was the reply of a middle-class matron to an extremely intelligent schoolmistress of our acquaintance, who had provided some excellent and very harmless elementary teaching in natural science for her scholars. This remark, made not more than two months ago, shows how rampant prejudice still is on these subjects. We are glad, however, to notice many signs which lead us to hope that it will not long survive. What Kingsley laughed at as "the bottle and squirt mania, mis-called chemistry," has given place to regular teaching in a great number of both public and private schools; and the other mania of collecting sickly sea-anemones and pale unhappy shrimps in an aquarium, which was once so fashionable, is now replaced by solid information on the structure and zoological arrangement of the whole animal kingdom. If we had to name any one individual to whose energy and scientific ability this change is mainly due, we should select Professor Huxley, whose unrivalled powers of popular exposition have revealed to persons who would never have thought of opening a regular scientific treatise the importance and interest of the study of biology; while those to whom he has given a regular scientific training have gone out into the

* A Course of Instruction in Zoology (Vertebrata). By T. Jeffery Parker, B.Sc. London, Professor of Biology in the University of Otago, New Zealand. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

world, and become in their turn founders of schools and centres of instruction at home, in the colonies, and in America. The admirable work before us is an instance of this; for the author, now Professor of Biology in the University of Otago, was originally one of Professor Huxley's Demonstrators at the School of Mines, South Kensington; and the book professes to be nothing more than a development of the zoological portion of the *Elementary Biology* which Professor Huxley published some years ago in conjunction with his friend and pupil Mr. Martin, now Professor at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

We are sorry that Mr. Parker should have called his book *A Course of Instruction in Zootomy*, as the title may lead people to think that it treats on the dangerous ground of vivisection. Let us at once explain that the subjects to be investigated are all to be as dead as the languages on which we were exclusively trained when we were at school and college, and that Mr. Parker gives directions for killing in the most merciful way possible any animal that may be brought alive to the dissecting-table. The work originated in the desire to enable a student of comparative anatomy—or, to use a more modern term, of Morphology—to work out the structure of any ordinary vertebrate animal with some of that thoroughness which has always been demanded from students of human anatomy. In large and well-appointed morphological laboratories, such as Professor Huxley's own, or that which the late Professor Balfour established at Cambridge, this sort of help is supplied by a staff of demonstrators; but Mr. Parker has conferred an immense boon on teachers and students alike by enabling the latter to dispense to a very great extent with the services of the former. He has selected half a dozen types of vertebrate structure, the lamprey, the skate, the cod, the lizard, the pigeon, and the rabbit; and, under each head, gives clear directions as to the way in which these creatures are to be dissected, and what points the student ought to make out at the successive stages of his work. The method is the same throughout; the skeleton is taken first; then the zoological characters are briefly indicated; and, lastly, the dissection of the organs and muscles is described in a way which seems to us to leave nothing to be desired. The author in his preface is at pains to inform us that he "makes no pretence whatever at giving a complete account of the anatomy of the types selected"; and in a subsequent paragraph returns to the difficulty he had felt in deciding what should be retained and what omitted. We know by experience that there is no harder task than that of selecting, out of a number of small details, those which are of really first-rate importance; and we are convinced that only a complete mastery of his subject, from the practical side, could have enabled Mr. Parker to exercise so sound a judgment in dealing with this very important question. In treating of the skeleton, he has very properly left out all description of the bones, as that may readily be found elsewhere; but in the rest of the work, where the ground is comparatively untrodden, we cannot discover that he has omitted anything essential; while, on the other hand, he has carefully described a number of points which could not be found in any of the ordinary manuals. In working these out the student will find invaluable help from the seventy-four excellent illustrations, which form a distinctive feature of the book. It is part of Professor Huxley's system to advise his students to make drawings of work done, as being a better memorandum than mere notes; and, when we add that all the figures before us, except six, have been drawn by Mr. Parker himself, it will be easy to estimate the thoroughness and originality of this part of his book. We have tested the accuracy of some of these drawings by personal experience, and can confidently recommend them not only to beginners, but to more advanced naturalists, who may want to find accurate information ready to their hand on some disputed question. The figures illustrating the brain are especially clear and instructive. In a few instances the letters of reference have not been printed with sufficient distinctness; but this is a defect which can be readily corrected in subsequent editions. In other respects the book is excellently got up, the catch-words being printed in thick type, and the less important sections in a type rather smaller than that employed for the bulk of the text.

HOUSES IN BATH.*

AT first sight Bath seems to be as modern as an American town, and to have arisen in brightness and beauty some two or three centuries later than the walls of the early Tudor church in its midst, which, having belonged to a Benedictine monastery, had been spared to impart an ecclesiastical character to the future city. Looking deeper, however, that is, literally to a depth lower than the discovered foundations of one or two houses recently demolished near the Abbey church, we see evidences of domestic occupation dating more than fifteen hundred years back, the capacious reservoir of a noble Roman bath being laid open to the eye, with its bordering steps and approaches as perfect as when the last of the crowd of local Romans went down into the thermal waters. This is suggestive of a city of habitations, while the votive tablets and remains of temples that have from time to time been discovered indicate that the residents under the Empire considered godliness to be no less proper than cleanliness. But these relics can hardly in one sense be called historic, for no definite his-

tory connected with them has come down to us. A studious archaeologist may yet find remains of the old encircling walls of Bath, but the historic houses must, from the reconstructed character of the place, be of purely modern consideration, and limited in date, with a few or no exceptions, to the last hundred and fifty years. This range, however, includes a wonderful concentration of memories of more or less illustrious persons; for the saintly multitude that clustered like bees about the snow-white rose of the *Divine Comedy* were hardly more fondly drawn to the glittering flower than were the select and unselect people of genius, learning, and fashion, and even of piety, of a few generations back to the rose and flower of Western cities. The tablets in the Abbey might alone afford a pretty good index to the names of important visitors to the healing springs and gay promenades of this one time queen, with whom they lived so deliciously, though frequently not for long. A more complete record than these marble names is contained in the present volume, which we welcome as a well-intentioned effort to give more than visible meaning to the handsome streets and terraced rows and crescents of the place. It is not the first effort of the kind, as the author admits; for the Rev. Joseph Hunter once privately circulated a paper on the "Connexion of Bath with the Literature and Science of England," and Mr. G. Monkland followed him (1854-5) with two small volumes on the "Literature and Literati of Bath." Mr. Peach's book includes much of the matter in the above works, but keeps more particularly to its avowed subject—the houses actually existing that are associated with remarkable persons or incidents. The writer is, we understand, a bookseller of the place in which he takes so intelligent an interest.

We are not disposed to be hard upon the writer's English; but it is a pity that some scholarly acquaintance did not revise the proof-sheets of his book, to save such incongruous metaphor and contradictory wording as we find, for example, in the following sentences:—

In our desire to pick up here and there a *crumb* of information we have had to wade through oceans of jargon and archaic literature, in which we were nearly overwhelmed. One of the controversies of the day was between Dr. Peirce and Dr. Guidott, the former contending for bursting libations (!) of the waters, the latter for limiting their use almost exclusively to external application.

Built entirely of the light freestone or oolite of the district, without the intermixture of a single red brick or block of grey limestone, the appearance of Bath from any of the encircling heights, with its stately rows and crescents rising stage upon stage against a background of green hills and woods, is that of one of the most theatrical of landscape cities, and is unsurpassed in its kind. "Children," we are told by the Son of Sirach, "and the building of a city continue a man's name"; and few men have had an opportunity of perpetuating their names with the like effect of the elder Wood, the builder of modern Bath, whose architectural creations show a genius for street construction that stamps him for a master in his profession. Moreover, his son entered into his labours, and continued them with almost equal ability. His first work was the North Parade, which was begun in 1740; and, had the original design been completely realized—which was to give the whole block the appearance of a single house, or rather of a palace—it would, with its three hundred Corinthian columns and pilasters, central pediment, and corner towers, have been finer than even now, and well worthy of some of its illustrious inhabitants and visitors of the past. Among the latter was Goldsmith, who here stayed in the opening months of 1771 with his friend Lord Clare, whose portrait was painted by Gainsborough, then residing in Bath. At the same house, No. 11, Edmund Burke spent the first five months of the year 1771. He came here in his last illness, but, finding no recovery by the change of air and use of the waters, he returned home to be "nearer a habitation," he said, "more permanent." That lasting habitation he reached on the 9th of July, 1797. William Wilberforce speaks of having here called upon him with the Hon. William Windham, and remarks that the attention shown to Mr. Burke by his own party "was just like the treatment of Achiophel of old; it was just as if one went to inquire of the oracle of the Lord." Burke's wife was a lady of Bath, being the daughter of Dr. Christopher Nugent, who lived at "Circus House." From the centre house (now divided into two, 3a and 4) in the high-sounding Pierrepont Street, the Earl of Chesterfield wrote some of his ineffectual letters to his uninteresting son, and fairly says in one of them (Oct. 4, O.S. 1746), "Though I employ so much of my time in writing to you, I confess I have often my doubts whether it is to any purpose"; for "those who want advice most, like it and follow it least." In the same street, and apparently in the same house, died (January 27, 1766) Quin the comedian, whose decrepid form in his last days had gained him so little respect in the eyes of at least one of the nimble "bucks" of the place, that, while talking one day with a friend, the said "buck" suddenly placed his hands on the actor's shoulders and vaulted over his head, to his astonishment and indignation, his regret however being that he could not perform a like feat of agility. Quin used to say that he did not know a better place than Bath for "an old cock to roost in." His final resting, or roosting, place is the central aisle of the Abbey nave. At No. 2 Pierrepont Street lived, from the autumn of 1780 to August 1781, the future victor of the Nile and Trafalgar, whose father here died in 1802. At No. 5 was born Miss Linley, who lives in memory as the wife of Sheridan, rather than as the

* *Historic Houses in Bath; and their Associations.* By R. E. Peach. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

loveliest and most popular of public singers. There were many wooers before she was won; but one only of the unsuccessful suitors deserves to be remembered. Mr. Long, unlike Auld Robin Gray, finding that he would be unloved as the elderly husband of the Bath beauty, desisted from his advances, and magnanimously settled 3,000*l.* upon her as dower for a more favoured lover.

Londonderry House, in Kingsmead Square, was evidently not intended originally for the uses of a "Fish, Fruit, Pea, and Potato Salesman," to which it is now devoted. It was built in 1736 by John Strahan, a not unworthy follower of the elder Wood, and with its vigorously moulded windows, firm pilasters, fluted cornice, and carved brackets, is a stately composition of its kind. Here the author of the *Analogy* died on the morning of Tuesday, June 16, 1752, a date that is accordingly inscribed on his funeral tablet, only that it there occurs as "XVI Kal. Jul." The latter form seems to have misled the good Bishop's biographer, for he oddly says, "The date of his decease is here erroneously written July instead of June," forgetting or unaware that "16 kalend of July" is the 16th of June. The anecdotes of the prelate's deathbed are by no means authenticated, though his chaplain, Dr. Forster, was present at the solemn scene, and might well have reported correctly. His imputed expression that it was "an awful thing to appear before the august Governor of the World" is by no means unlikely to have been uttered by one of his dignified humility, but the thought is more awful than profound. The funeral procession from Bath to Bristol Cathedral where Butler was interred consisted, besides the hearse of two coaches and six, his servants in livery going before on horseback, so that it could hardly be said in its modest simplicity that, in Pope's words, his "long funeral blackened all the way."

At 6 South Parade, Walter Scott, then a young boy, was residing (1777) when he made his earliest acquaintance with the stage, being taken by his Uncle Robert to the Old Orchard Street Theatre to witness the presentation of *As You Like It*. At the quarrel between the two brothers he was so shocked that he called out to remind them of their relationship, but found out, he says, in no long time after, that it was not unusual for brothers to disagree. He stayed at Bath about a year, and went through the discipline of the pump-room and baths, though without the least advantage to his lameness. While he abode here he acquired the rudiments of learning at a day-school kept by an old dame near the Parade, whose name, were it recorded, might almost be reckoned among Bath celebrities. He confessed to a Scotch horror for imagery, and tells us that Jacob's ladder, with which the west front of the Abbey is adorned on either side, with the ascending and descending angels, filled him with superstitious terror, while even a statue of Neptune which guarded the banks of the Avon had no charm for him, and apparently for no one else, for it was soon after thrown down and left neglected.

If it is difficult to grow old gracefully, it is still more difficult to grow young again gracefully, and Mrs. Piozzi hardly succeeded in this when she opened a ball in the Lower Rooms on the anniversary of her eightieth birthday. Her house was No. 8 Gay Street, but she had previously resided on the North Parade, where with Mr. Thrale she was visited in 1776 by Dr. Johnson. The Doctor stayed at "The Pelican Inn," now "The Three Cups," in Walcot Street. No greater contrast to Mrs. Piozzi in her "perpetual state of rampant senility" could be afforded than Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, "the most precious saint of God" Mr. Toplady says he "ever knew." Had the attempted conversion of Beau Nash been accomplished, the influences of Lady Huntingdon and her sect might have spread beyond the very narrow company of Calvinistic Methodists that circled her at Bath. Nash was prevailed upon to hear Whitefield preach at her house; but the lampoons he suffered in consequence were too much for the Master of the Ceremonies, and he went no more.

Though there is nothing to indicate on the title-page that the present book is incomplete, the writer gives us to understand that he intends to supply an additional series of like records. It would be well if the work could be published as a whole with a table of contents and index.

RECENT STORIES, AMERICAN AND ENGLISH.

TURGENEF'S small volume of *Poems in Prose* (Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co.) well deserves its title. It consists of short stories, sketches, and dialogues, which are all more or less poetical, and as suggestive as they are dainty. Each contains the outline of an exquisite poem. The stories are too short and too numerous to be discussed in detail; but the best of them are perhaps "A Dialogue between the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn," "The Beggar," "The Blockhead," "An Oriental Legend," "The Sparrow," and "The Doves." The most original of them all is "The Supreme Being's Banquet." The Supreme Being gives a banquet to the Virtues. The smaller Virtues are more genial and affable than the great. The Supreme Being notices that two of the most beautiful of his guests do not know each other. "The host took one lady by the hand, and led her up to the other. 'Benevolence,' said He, pointing to the first. 'Gratitude,' added He, introducing the second to her. Both Virtues were much surprised to make each other's acquaintance. For the first time since the creation of the world, and that was a great while ago, they now met face to face." It is difficult to choose favourites among so many gems, but to appreciate them at their full value the advice of Turgeneff himself, which is given in the preface about this little volume, may be quoted:—"The reader must not

skim over these poems in prose one after the other; that would probably tire him, and he would soon cast the book aside. But let him read each one separately—one to-day, another to-morrow, and then perhaps one or more of them may sink into his soul and bear fruit."

Mumu and the *Diary of a Superfluous Man* (New York: Funk & Wagnalls) are two short stories also by Turgeneff. In the first a very graphic picture is given of the former tyranny of the Russian master over the serf. Garassim, a serf of colossal stature and of Herculean strength, but a deaf mute, is brought from the village in which he was born to Moscow, where he finds his work too easy. Among the household of his mistress is a laundry-maid named Tatiana, whom, moved by her lonely and desolate condition, Garassim first protects and gradually falls in love with. He shows his admiration and devotion by small presents, and by the peculiar whining sound which deaf mutes make when pleased. Tatiana is pleased with Garassim. On the estate, and in the service of the same lady, is a shoemaker, named Kapiton Klimoff, a hard drinker, who, after many transgressions, at last disgraces the household by being picked up drunk in the road. His mistress determines to marry him to some one who will keep him in order. In spite of Garassim's evident affection for her, both the mistress and her steward decide upon Tatiana as the fitting wife, and the matter is arranged between the two parties. The servants, however, all dread the fury of Garassim when he comes to discover the state of affairs. And as they know that he has a horror of drunken people, they persuade Tatiana to feign tipsiness before him. She acts her part so well that Garassim is deceived, and, disgusted with her, makes no objection to the marriage. After a time Tatiana and her husband are exiled to distant estates in the country on account of his bad habits. Garassim suffers from depressed spirits for a long time, but after Tatiana's marriage he gradually recovers his former composure. One day he saves the life of a puppy, which he finds drowning in the river. He takes it home, feeds and caresses it, and calls it in his peculiar whine "Mumu." The dog develops into a beautiful spaniel, and attracts the attention of the lady, who wishes to take it away from Garassim. But Mumu snaps and snarls, and will not be parted from her master. One day, when his mistress is more than usually ill-humoured, Mumu's bark annoys her, and she gives orders that the dog is to be sold. Accordingly Mumu is kidnapped and disappears. Garassim is in despair, and loses interest in everything. Mumu breaks the rope which fastens her, and returns to her master, who is overjoyed to see her. He hides her, and takes her out for exercise at night. But she contrives to annoy the mistress a second time by barking, and orders are given for her to be strangled. Garassim, being warned of this, drowns Mumu himself, and quitting Moscow, walks back to his native village. The description of Garassim's grief at parting with Mumu is very touchingly told. Indeed all through the story the signs of a masterhand are visible. The *Diary of a Superfluous Man*, we are informed by the translator, "is intended to personify descendant aristocracy. As it removes from its original stock it becomes first impoverished, then degraded, then 'superfluous,' and dies at last in self-torment." It is to us a morbid and disagreeable story, and the translation is at times so rough and uneven that it jars upon the ear and detracts from the interest which the story might otherwise have.

In *Memorie and Rime* (New York: Funk & Wagnalls) we have some of Mr. Joaquin Miller's reminiscences of his life abroad and in the West. Among them, scattered about at random, are to be found some of his poems. There is a curious description of a dinner at the house of the late Mr. Rossetti. "All London, or rather all the brain of London, the literary brain, was there," we are told. "These giants of thought" and the "literary brain of London" must have been singularly torpid that night to judge from the imbecile bits of conversation to which we are treated. Let us hope that such arrant nonsense is rarely talked at literary tables. Of one thing we are very certain—i.e. that the "Master," as Mr. Miller styles Mr. Rossetti, would have said "Bella Italia" and not "Belle Italia," as attributed to him by Mr. Miller, when he said "I am an Italian who has never seen Italy." The chapter on "Darning the Sacramento" is a good one, and gives a graphic description of the rough life of the miners, when the first crowds of gold-seekers flocked into California. The prayer of "Lazarus" and "Nut Crackers," "chipping in a sort of side prayer for the mine," and the pawning of the boy for "one squar meal," are very amusing. But the book is, on the whole, tedious reading, and we cannot recommend it.

John de Wycliffe (Shaw & Co.) gives an interesting account of the great reformer and of his work in England. The ecclesiastical situation in 1366 is very simply and clearly told, as well as the political struggles of the time. The book ends with a summary of the writings and opinions of Wycliffe, with quotations from his sermons. Very little is said about the "pore priests" whom Wycliffe sent out into the world with portions of the Scriptures. The book is pleasant reading, and sustains its interest throughout.

In Wiclif's Days (Shaw & Co.) is intended for young people, and is therefore put in the form of a story. It turns upon the discovery of two manuscript books of the Life of John Wiclif, compiled by a certain Henry Fert Denham from the traditions by the "pore priest" Henry Fert. It is a pity that the conversations of the children with their grandmother at Denham Old Hall should so constantly interrupt the interest in Wiclif throughout the book. Children may find it fairly readable.

Mrs. Willoughby's Octave (London: Seeley & Co.) is a charming book for young readers. Mrs. Willoughby has a family of eight children, with names the initials of which correspond with the letters of the notes of a piano. Hence the title. The father is away on duty in India, and the pleasures, trials, and helpful sympathy with others, of Mrs. Willoughby's family during his absence, are very pleasantly and interestingly told. Some of the illustrations are charming.

Leo and Dick (Shaw & Co.) is the story of a boy who has been kidnapped by gipsies. By a lucky coincidence the gipsies encamp on the common near the house of a gentleman named Courtenay. While watching a game of cricket, Dick attracts the notice of Leo Courtenay, who is one of the cricketers. He discovers that Dick is badly treated by his master, Joe Smith, and persuades his father to interest himself in the boy. But all Mr. Courtenay's efforts fail to induce Joe to give up the lad. Dick is afterwards caught in a poaching fray, and wounded. Meanwhile, a certain Patty Simmons arrives on the scene, and seeing that Dick is maltreated by Joe, she turns Queen's evidence, and confesses that Dick is the child of Mrs. Courtenay's sister, who was supposed to have been drowned. And all ends well. Dick is adopted and educated by the Courtenays, and the wicked Joe meets with his deserts.

Left to Ourselves (Shaw & Co.) is the story of five children whose parents are obliged to leave them to manage for themselves for a time, while they are called away to America. It is a book apparently intended for Sunday school use, but we doubt whether the boys who are influenced by it would ever grow up to be manly men. For example, one of the boys, when very thirsty, drinks a glass of beer, for which offence much maudlin religious sentiment is preached to him, which he imbibes with a docility not common among healthy boys, and auguring ill for his future.

Friendless Johnny (Shaw & Co.) is another book of the same sort. A little boy sells oranges on a ferry-boat, and is harshly treated by the old woman with whom he lives and by her son. He interests another boy named Clarence Adams, who tells his sister Nellie, and she in her turn persuades her father to do something for him. Johnny is rescued from the bad old woman and her good-for-nothing son, and becomes respectable.

In the *Sea Gull's Nest* (Shaw & Co.) we have the story of a poor boy who takes his revenge for unkind treatment from a rich youth by rescuing him when he falls over a high cliff and saving his life. The story is in itself very slight, but the same unhealthy sentiment pervades this as well as the three other books noticed above. Yet we hope that they may do good to some into whose hands they may fall.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS (DOMESTIC), 1656-7.*

THOUGH the period covered by the new volume of the Calendar of Commonwealth State Papers extends over as many as eleven months, and though these eleven months are certainly inferior in interest to very few years in English history, yet Mrs. Green must have found many previous sections of her work more attractive than this. The meetings of the Council, as she reminds us, were far less frequent in the months from July 1656 to May 1657 than in the earlier years of the Commonwealth, and the original papers are accordingly less numerous. Nearly a third of the volume is taken up by navy papers, which, notwithstanding the important part played by the fleet in this period, are necessarily as a rule devoid of general interest; but in the body of the volume, too, entries possessing high importance are by no means frequent. The truth is that much of what was most momentous in the domestic affairs of these months must have been transacted behind the scenes; and that the lack of information at first-hand concerning it is ill supplied by the utterly irresponsible gossip of Mr. Joseph Williamson's correspondents. Some of the most valuable letters here calendared have only, as it were, by accident found their way into the State Paper Office. These were addressed, chiefly by Secretary Thurloe, to Lockhart, the ambassador sent by the Commonwealth to France in 1657, or to his secretary, William Swift; and copies of them were surreptitiously obtained by the Royalists through some member of the embassy all too "easy of access." The information, on the other hand, as to the doings of the Royalists contained in this volume is rarely of much consequence—a fact which easily admits of explanation. At home the party had been recently crushed with ruthless vigour; abroad, though the Commonwealth was at war with Spain, the fortunes of the Royal Family were at their lowest ebb; there was disunion at headquarters to make impotence more impotent; and the King who was to reconquer three kingdoms had, literally, not the wherewithal to satisfy the claims of his laundress.

The great issue decided during the months to which the papers calendared in this volume belong was that of the English Kingship. Within their course it rested entirely with the judgment of England's *de facto* master whether he, and perhaps his descendants after him, should wear her royal Crown. He refused it, but not without much preliminary hesitation and searching of the minds of other men, if not of his own. The suspense in which his hesitation kept public opinion reflects itself in many pages of this volume; and the expectation of his refusing seems to have been small. Among the least fruitful suggestions for finding a way out

of the difficulty was that mentioned by Williamson's correspondent, the bookseller Robinson:—"Now we hear he has lately got a cold, and is much indisposed; it's said because they have sworn against Kingship the name of Emperor will content them; this may reconcile all." Cromwell preferred to secure a measure of power in nearly all respects equal, and in some superior, to that which the constitution had given to previous English sovereigns. He was contented to share the control of the army with the Parliament; but he obtained the right, which no English King except Henry VIII. had at any time possessed, of naming his successor. He was, moreover, to name his own House of Lords or "Sanhedrim," as the lively Mr. Robinson calls it, and it cannot be wondered that more was expected to follow. According to the same authority:—

Nedum, our News writer, being last night in Dr. Goodwin's chamber at Whitehall, the Protector asked him the news. He told him that *our populi* said Mr. Nye should be Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Owen of York.

Owen (then Vice-Chancellor of Oxford) and Nye had not long before been entrusted with the management of a business which at this time seems to have given more trouble to the Council than any other—namely, that of "augmentations to ministers"; but, though Mr. Marchamont Needham had been a Royalist editor before he became a Republican, it is on the whole probable that, if he really ventured on this remark to the Protector, he rather made it as a jest than threw it out as a feeler.

It is well known that, though Oliver Cromwell ultimately refused the crown, the increase of his authority as Protector deeply offended some of his most trusted military associates and agents—Lambert among the number, who was soon afterwards dismissed from his employments with a retiring pension so handsome as to cause much satirical comment. We live in hopes that forthcoming volumes of this Calendar may furnish at least some contribution to that rather obscure chapter of Commonwealth history, the later political biography of General Lambert; in the meantime it is needless to say that the rumour of his having been implicated in the Sundercomb plot, and having accordingly been "within an inch of execution," may be very confidently dismissed. (As a curious detail, we note that Lambert's attendances at the Council during the eleven months covered by this Calendar were more numerous than those of any other member, with the single exception of the President, Lawrence.) There seems better reason to credit the information derived from the same source, that the objections taken among the Major-Generals to the proposed assumption of the Crown by Oliver Cromwell were not unconnected with his decision to determine their tenure of their extraordinary offices. At all events, it is a remarkable proof of his consciousness of strength that he should as early as the end of the year 1656 have felt able to dispense with the machinery which he had so recently called into life. For its effectiveness was no more to be denied than its unpopularity; and the Protector had himself insisted upon the former in the memorable speech of September 17, 1656, of which the publication of Mrs. Green's new volume naturally suggests a re-perusal. It lasted for three hours, and touched on a wide variety of topics, ranging from the war of Spain to the treatment of the sects. Carlyle might naturally recognize in it a most forcible illustration of his cherished view of the Protector's character, when on the very morrow of its delivery it was supposed "that he has roused a party in the House, and that now we shall have Acts to purpose." The fulfilment of this hope was, however, delayed for some little time. The Parliament which had been opened with this great speech was still more drastically prepared for its work by having to undergo at the hands of the Council a purge which was in reality even severer than that applied by Colonel Pride to the Long Parliament eight years earlier. Mrs. Green calendars the protests of 160 members (they seem afterwards to have been reduced to 140) who had partly been excluded from the House, partly, as it would appear, afterwards indignantly seceded from it, for the number actually excluded seems to have been 99. There follows the Order of the House that the persons rejected be referred to the Council for their approbation, and the answer of the Council "that they have refused none who were men of integrity, and within the qualification of the Instrument of Government, and therefore his Highness and Council have ordered the soldiers to keep these persons out." Yet even this Parliament, much against the will of the Protector, though it passed an Act for the security of his person, and declaring an absolute *déchéance* of the Stuart family, devoted a considerable part of its first Session to discussing the best method of persecuting an ecstatic Quaker, and thus earned for itself from the great dispenser of historical nicknames the *sobriquet* of "the James-Nayler Parliament." We are not aware that the petition of this strange fanatic's wife has been previously printed. There is perhaps, nothing very unusual in it, but it somehow goes to the heart. Was he, by the way, really a German, as Mr. Perrott, who wishes him and his followers the same persecution, implies in his letter of January 7th? In the midst of the Parliamentary debates the Protector is found intervening with a letter "for some moderation," but the House would not hearken to it. The Quakers gave trouble enough in this period, and made it difficult to the Government to carry out their policy of tolerance, which is exemplified in an early entry, where the clerks of assize for the Western Circuit are instructed to forbear from estreating George Fox and other Quakers for the fines imposed upon them. There remains, notwithstanding its undeniable imperfections, no nobler feature in Oliver Cromwell's system of government than this; and, every allowance being made for Oriental phraseology, it is difficult

* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1656-7.* Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London. 1883.

to read without admiration for the magnanimity to which it appeals the following:—

Petition of Manasseh Ben Israel to the Protector. What modesty forbids, necessity, *ingens telum*, compels; that having been long very sickly, I beg you, my only succourer in this land of strangers, to help me. I do not prescribe the way, but having experienced your compassion as well as majesty, I lay myself at your feet.

Early in 1657 the operations of Parliament, which had by this time begun to address itself to the business of its existence, were, no doubt, hastened by the discovery of Sundercomb's plot for the assassination of the Protector. Cromwell, who in his speech had not shrunk from appealing, in connexion with the Spanish war, to the example of Queen Elizabeth of famous memory, was not spared a further development of the parallel between himself and the national Queen. In the Declaration of the Protector and Parliament for a day of thanksgiving on February 20th, 1657, the combination between the Levellers and the Spaniards is referred to as the source and beginning of the plot, which had gone through successive phases, including that of blowing up Whitehall, and, as the flippant Perrott writes, "sending the Protector to heaven in a fiery chariot." It was about a month after the discovery of the plot that the idea of offering the Crown to Cromwell was first mooted in Parliament. Never had the great man stood more erect before England and the world than at this season, when, after full consideration, he, to the astonishment of friends and to the disappointment of foes, refused the Crown. At home the resistance of the Royalists had been virtually extinguished by the rigorous measures adopted against them after the Salisbury rising, though, of course, the flutterings of hope and the mutterings of discontent were still audible. Thus, even before the recall of the Major-Generals, we find one of them reporting from Maidstone "the sad spirit" which still existed against the Protector in that self-willed county, Kent. But Major-General Kelsey's fears had been chiefly directed to what the Parliament would do or fail to do, and the action of Protector and Council had effectively removed all danger of his leaving as he dreaded to return to his "Egyptian taskmasters." Very noticeable in this period are the "reconciliations" with the Protector's Government which were preparing themselves on the part of certain noble families, and which before long were to find expression in the marriages of Cromwell's daughters, Frances and Mary, to Mr. Rich and Lord Falconbridge. The latter is mentioned more than once in this volume, and Ambassador Lockhart, from Paris, reports him to be a person of great merit, who is "much troubled that his enemies give him out to be a Catholic, and has purged himself from having any inclination that way." About the same time the gossip went that the match between Mr. Rich and the Lady Frances was "off," and that a bridegroom was being looked for in France. As the former half of the story proved false, it is perhaps useless to inquire into the foundation of the latter. That some of the nobility should begin to reconsider their position towards the Protectorate was at least excusable, when we find the ladies of so great a house as that of Hamilton suing for the means of maintenance at the hands of the usurper. At the other end of the political scale there were still signs of discontent among the extreme zealots, such as the Fifth-Monarchy men, whom in his great speech Cromwell had acquitted of the charge urged by him against the Levellers, of plotting with "Charles Stuart." In April 1657, however, while the negotiations about the kingship were in a critical stage, these fanatics attempted to carry out their wild design, of which the following account is given by one of Thurloe's stolen letters:—

Meantime he has had a new testimony of God's favour to him. The Fifth-Monarchy men designed an insurrection, and were so ready that they had appointed their rendezvous this night at Mile End Green, but we had notice of it, and seized some 20 of their ringleaders, as they were ready to take horse, took many arms and some ammunition, and their chief standard, a lion couchant, with the motto, "Who shall rouse him up?" There was a declaration in which they set forth a new government. We are sending up and down to apprehend others engaged in this design, and hope to break it.

Abroad, the war with Spain was in full progress; and after, in September 1656, the spoils of the Spanish treasure-fleet captured by Blake and Montague had put all London in good spirits, the destruction of a second Plate fleet by Blake at Vera Cruz in April 1657 was, like the former event, made the occasion for a public thanksgiving. The firm and prudent policy of the Protector, while contriving to avert an outbreak of war with the United Provinces, despite all the efforts made to provoke it, maintained the alliance with France by means of which he had achieved the great moral victory (for as such it is justly regarded) of staying the persecution of the Waldenses. One of the curiosities in the volume before us is the account of the sums paid at the collection for the Piedmontese Protestants, made apparently early in 1656 in the different towns of England and Wales. It is a pity that Mrs. Green should not have printed the list in *extenso*, as it would have had a certain statistical value. The London total, which must have amounted to some thousands, is not given; while Norwich appears with nearly 158*l.* in thirteen churches; Manchester contributes a little over 32*l.*; and Liverpool (for which better times were near at hand) 10*l.* 3*s.* By the side of this liberal expenditure may be noted the meagre allowance of 229*l.* odd for the expenses of the funeral of King Charles I. Mrs. Green considers that the account proves that "there was no disrespect shown towards his remains"; but it certainly proves nothing further, except that the bill was left unpaid for the better part of eight years. Rather later we have a touching petition from divers poor servants of the late King, left, according to their own statement, in utter destitution.

To the vigorous activity of the Government in these eleven months the spasmodic efforts of the Royal family and of their adherents in exile present a pitiable contrast. There was, as observed, no money to pay for anything—not even, it was feared, for mourning on behalf of the Emperor Ferdinand III., whose death, in Hyde's opinion, would be "agreeable to none but the Cardinal and Cromwell." And yet means were in some way found to pay for "intelligence"; in one instance, at all events, according to a very respectable rate. The system of political spies is amply illustrated in these pages; and a pretty twofold picture of injured, though not uncomplaining, innocence might be composed out of the adventures of Sir Robert Walsh and Colonel Bampffield. A very uncertain source of income was the extraction of money, humorously called "milk," from disaffected Englishmen by the friendly authorities in the Spanish Netherlands; indeed, it was not till 1657 that the Governor, Don John of Austria, invited Charles and his brothers to Brussels. The "King of Scots at Bruges" and his brother the Duke of York had hitherto chiefly depended on the good offices of their sister the Princess of Orange; but she was really powerless since the Act of Seclusion, and Cromwell would probably, but for the unwillingness of France, have included the States-General in the anti-Spanish alliance. The hopes which were founded by the Royalists upon the loyal sympathies of the fleet were probably exaggerated; though it is clear, from the measures taken by the Government against the circulation among the crews of "abusive and derisive" pamphlets, that it felt some uneasiness on the subject. But at all events there could have been no grounds for the notion that it might be advantageous to "probe Blake." He was naturally of an independent character, and as a sailor, of course, had his grievances against the Admiralty Commissioners and the head of the Government; but there was no likelihood of his playing a double game, such as that which the petty officers of the ship the *Adventure* expected from their captain. (This latter worthy's opinion of Oliver Cromwell perhaps hardly deserved quoting by Mrs. Green in her preface.) Early in 1657 a difference broke out between Charles and his brother concerning Sir John Berkeley, one of the King's followers, which seems to have spread, or to have been reported to have spread, its disintegrating influence as far as England. While at the Hague it was attempted to arrange a marriage for the Duke of York, Charles proposed to the Council at Brussels a consolidation with his levies of all the English, Scotch, and Irish troops in the Spanish service, so that a force might be formed which he might in person lead across the Channel. But the further prosecution of this design belongs to a later point of time than that reached by the present volume.

Among matters of miscellaneous interest to which reference is made in it, one or two may be mentioned in conclusion. The revision of the Authorized Version, which a Committee was in January 1657 appointed to consider, is occasionally alluded to in the correspondence calendared by Mrs. Green; but, unless we mistake, she neither mentions the subject in her preface, nor directs attention to it by any special heading in the index. By the way, the index heading "Bible, quotations from, 70," fails to exhaust the number of ornamental Scripture phrases and names which occur in the text. The language of a letter from Charles Longland to Vice-Admiral Baddiley is particularly refreshing, though in substance it is mundane enough, inveighing against Portugal with the vigour of manufacturing censors of the Congo Treaty, suggesting the annexation of Oran, and commending a shipment of old Saragossa wine, "a cup of which, in raw cold weather, will not be amiss." Of literary or quasi-literary names we have in this volume only come across (besides Hyde's) that of the Marquis of Newcastle, the language of whose letter concerning the marriage of "an old friend and neighbour" is truly deplorable. University intelligence is mainly furnished by Joseph Williamson's correspondents at Queen's College, Oxford, who find themselves, under the Commissioners for the Reformation of the Universities, fallen upon dry and supperless times. One of them reports Dr. Wilkins to be "the rising sun since his marriage with the Protector's sister." There are, however, a few other items of academical information. Dr. Horton is to be allowed to hold his Divinity Professorship and Public Readership at Gresham College, "his marriage notwithstanding." The University of Glasgow obtains a new charter, with an increase of revenue to meet the expense of new buildings which have since gone the way of the old. From Scotland, too, a number of Doctors of Physic petition for the establishment of a College of Physicians in Edinburgh, such as about a generation later was to be actually accomplished. Lastly, the "new College" at Durham is mentioned more than once; the patent which established it as a University was, however, not granted till the month with which this Calendar closes. But not the least interesting, although involuntary, contribution to the history of education in this volume will be found in the letters of Lady Lowther to her son's tutor Joseph Williamson, who was conducting, or seeking to conduct, her son's education abroad. She writes with much good sense, though in no sanguine spirit. And herein she was well advised, as a letter to the tutor from his pupil himself, with an extract from which we conclude, may seem to signify:—

The past I shall bury in oblivion, but I have heard from friends every word that you have written to my father, which is not what I should have thought; I hope you will lay by past oversights, and send me, with other things, something worthy my father's acceptance, which I may send him next term. I am going into chambers in the Temple. Do not make me incur my father's displeasure further. You know what lies upon it, which is no slight business.

HEALTH EXHIBITION HANDBOOKS.*

AMONG the actual results of the opening of the Health Exhibition not the least important is the issue of a series of official handbooks, now in course of publication, that practically illustrate the science of health in all its manifold aspects. Not alone is the public health of great cities, or the hygienic view of the subject, considered; other cognate subjects, such as the water supply, the fire brigade, the art of cookery, the chemistry and dietetic value of the various drinks and food, the management of the sick, ambulance organization, athletics and dress, are embraced in the official scheme. The general excellence of the first instalment of these handbooks promises well for the value and completeness of the series; while the price at which they are issued, varying from one to two shillings, should assure the success they merit. In *Health in the Village* Dr. Acland unfolds some of the results of his large experience of the progress of sanitation in country villages during the past thirty years, and in an interesting narrative contrasts, with dramatic skill, the sanitary condition of a village community of the past and present. His picture of Lowmarsh possesses the great merit of being free from the high colour of sensational touches, and the practical lesson he inculcates is admirably forcible and lucid. Such cases of fever epidemics in villages as desolated Terling in Essex and Manaton in Devon are illustrated afresh in Dr. Acland's account of his inspection of Horwood in 1858. The chief attraction of the handbook lies, however, in the value of the remedial suggestions offered, the observations on the construction and drainage of cottages, the water supply, the education and recreation of the inhabitants—all of which are characterized by sound sense and shrewd observation, and accompanied by excellent illustrative plans.

Mr. Berdmore treats the subject of cooking with discrimination and independence, obviously holding individual views of some matters, e.g. the making of a salad, where unanimity of procedure is neither possible nor desirable. The arrangement of his book is commendable and novel, being a grammar of the art, the principles of which are defined with precision and finish; so that no cook who follows Mr. Berdmore's practical directions can wander from the clear path of orthodoxy.

None of the handbooks before us surpasses in value, or more fully meets a current demand, than Miss Wood's observations on the food and nurture of infants and the dietary of invalids. While her work especially appeals to mothers and the rearing of their offspring, it is full of timely counsel to invalids, and particularly to dyspeptics, who would undoubtedly benefit by adhering to the simple and sensible rules here laid down. The fruits of Miss Wood's experience in the superintendence of the Children's Hospital in Ormond Street are very fully and practically manifested in this excellent little book, to which Dr. Cheadle has contributed an introduction on the digestive powers of infants and the chemical constituents of their fitting food.

All visitors to the Health Exhibition must have been struck by the display made by the Water Companies, and the many interesting features in connexion with it. Professor Attfield's brochure is an admirable guide to the subject, and treats exhaustively the important question of the water supply, besides dealing with the various aerated waters and unfermented beverages that are so popular. In discussing the virtues of tea and coffee the writer affirms that the consumption of the latter has decreased to one-half within the past thirty years in Great Britain. Notorious as it is that this country is more addicted to tea than coffee, we should have welcomed statistics in support of this statement. Professor Attfield also observes, "A mixture of tea is generally desirable; a grocer who knows his business can be trusted to properly 'blend' his teas." Few drinkers of what are called fine teas will, we think, assent to the first proposition, and we fear, from considerable experience, that not many grocers produce irreproachable blends.

In dealing with the subject of "Healthy Schools" Mr. Paget has not over-estimated its importance among sanitary questions, and it is to be hoped that the practical illustration of the question by buildings in the Exhibition will yet be effected. The chief elements of health in schools are fully and succinctly considered by Mr. Paget, and not the construction, ventilation, and general arrangements merely, but also the nature and equipment of the playgrounds and the administration of school infirmaries.

Wanderers in Old London, as reproduced at South Kensington, may have observed specimens of the primitive appliances for extinguishing fires in vogue two centuries ago; these curious devices are not more suggestive when compared with a modern engine than Captain Eyre Shaw's account of the formation of the London Fire Brigade is illustrative of the last half-century's progress.

Captain Shaw's handbook displays great breadth of view and comprehensive grasp, and is eminently readable for the clearness of its style and the interest of the subject. His remarks on the fallacy of fire-proof structures, on the insubstantial nature of modern buildings, and on the dangers of iron and stone, should receive careful attention.

Ambulance organization, military and naval, is the subject of an excellent handbook by Surgeon-Major Evatt, the real value of which is but little indicated in the author's diffident preface. It is something more than a mere guide to the casual visitor to the Exhibition, and though only a compilation, is skilfully compacted and well written; it is fully illustrated throughout by woodcuts reproduced, and in some cases reduced, from various sources. The history of the movement that found its full expression in the Geneva Convention and the institution of the various Red Cross Societies is briefly told by way of preface to the main subject of the book, which omits no detail in the vast organization of the National Aid Society and the elaborate machinery of equipment and transport used in the field. The handbook is a valuable addition to the literature of the Health Exhibition and of no transient interest.

GARDEN LORE.*

THERE are few pleasures to be named more healthy, more refining, or more perennial than that of flower-gardening. It supplies culture to the most delicate of the senses; it gives exercise to the faculties of curiosity, imagination, and wonder, and, as Mr. Darwin has abundantly shown us, it opens up a field of infinite expansion even for the higher powers of the intellect. Not a few of the greatest minds have found their chief solace and never-failing delight in the society of flowers. How characteristic of Bacon's whole genius is the quaint saying that God Almighty first planted a garden—"and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures." The perfect laying out of a garden is, in truth, among the noblest efforts of genius. Merely to scatter seeds, or to plant trees and shrubs haphazard, whatever their variety, rarity, or individual beauty, is as far removed from the true principles of floriculture as to parcel out the ground with rule and compass into the conventional patterns and mathematical monstrosities known as carpet-bedding. We are glad to see a wholesome reaction setting in against the pedantic extravagances for some years past in fashion, and a recurrence to the simpler, more natural, and therefore purer and more satisfying arrangement of the old English garden.

Foremost amongst those who have helped to bring about this happy renaissance of a natural style of gardening has been for years Mr. W. Robinson, the keynote of whose teaching is the simple principle that every district should have flower-gardens characteristic of itself, adapted to its soil, climate, and position. No stereotyped rule or form of arrangement can be laid down for indiscriminate application. What constitutes the special fitness of the layer-out of gardens is a kind of opportunism, the gift which gave Capability Brown his title to celebrity—a quick eye to the possibilities of any given site, a happy audacity in seizing every salient feature in the landscape, a crag here or a knoll there, a sunny slope, a meandering brook, a shoot of falling water, bringing in the resources of art not to supersede, but to enhance, the loveliness of nature. Mr. Robinson's latest volume, *The English Flower Garden*, in the compilation of which he acknowledges the aid of some threescore experts or connoisseurs in the practice of horticulture, has for its aim to reduce to system the means of making the flower-garden a reflex, as he puts it, of the world of beautiful plant life, in harmony with the local surroundings, and varied in succession so as to fall in with the exigencies or the capabilities of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. The greater portion of his book is devoted to setting forth the abounding wealth of flowers suited to the embellishment of our open-air spaces. An exhaustive list is given of all available flowering plants, arranged in the alphabetical order of their botanical names, illustrated by woodcuts liberal in point of number and drawn with correctness and elegance, the characteristics of each plant and flower being brought out as well to the eye as to the intelligence of the reader. We should have been glad to see a corresponding alphabetical catalogue of the vernacular names, for the use of the less scientific classes of the public, who are the most likely to consult the book. Preliminary to making use of the exhaustless store of floral treasures thus opened to the floriculturist comes the fundamental principle of selection and arrangement, to which Mr. Robinson applies himself in his introductory pages. For the essential quality of style in gardening the basis is to be found, he rightly insists, not in the fleeting and indefinable quality called taste, but in a certain fitness arising out of definite natural law. And nature in this, as in every other department of art, in her laws which form the irrefragable canons for our guidance, far from binding us with weary fetters, has the tenderness of a true mother. Within her rule there is the truest liberty and the most genuine enjoyment. After all the discussion upon the several styles of laying out gardens, the ultimate types to which we are brought

* *The English Flower Garden, Style, Position, and Arrangement; followed by a description, alphabetically arranged, of all the Plants best suited for its embellishment; their culture, and position suited for each.* By W. Robinson, Founder of "The Garden," &c. With the co-operation of many of the best Flower Gardeners of the day. Illustrated with many Engravings. London: John Murray.

Days and Hours in a Garden. By "E. V. B." London: Elliot Stock.

* *Health in the Village.* By Henry W. Acland, C.B., F.R.S. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

On the Principles of Cooking. By Sept. Berdmore. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

Food and Cookery for Infants and Invalids. By Catherine Jane Wood. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

Water and Water Supplies. By John Attfield, F.R.S., &c. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

Healthy Schools. By Charles E. Paget. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

Fires and Fire Brigades. By Captain Eyre M. Shaw, C.B. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

Ambulance Organization. By Surgeon-Major G. J. H. Evatt, M.D. London: Clowes & Sons. 1884.

face to face are two in number. One of these is to be described as the formal, strait-laced, and mechanical, projected from the designer's mind, drawn out by rule and line, with much of grandiose composition in marble, stone, or terra-cotta, with palatial terraces, waterfalls, sea-monsters, and soaring jets. The other starts with nature as a guide, relying upon her boundless wealth of floral resources, the hand of the artist or constructor as little as possible obtruding itself into the aspect of the landscape. There are, of course, positions, as our author fully allows, where the intrusion of architecture or embankments into the garden is justifiable, nay, necessary. In the typical examples he brings forward there are instances in which noble effects are produced by the tasteful employment of such accessories. Still, on the whole, the impression produced in most cases is that of regret at so much outlay of labour and racking of brain, the eye turning with a sense of relief to the simpler pictures in which nature has been left more free to work her will. Who will nowadays dispute the force with which our author speaks of the dismal effect produced by the formalistic theatrical scheme of the great fountains and terraces at Sydenham, the greatest modern example of the waste of enormous means in making hideous a noble stretch of natural scenery? At the same time he shows himself quite alive to the propriety and the beauty that can be produced where artificial adjuncts of this kind are introduced in judicious adaptation to the nature of the ground and with harmonious adjustment to the architecture of the mansion which they serve to embellish. In fact, we can hardly picture to ourselves any great palatial house which would not be shorn of half its effect if bereft of the appliances which are due to the genius of the architect and the sculptor. In the case of Thoresby Hall, our author's first example, as typical of the great houses of the present day, we are shown how the elaborate terrace hides whilst it is designed to protect the best view of the house, the artist to get a more pleasing sketch of it having been driven to the riverside below. Though it is not always desirable to choose the crest of a hill for a site, yet it seems to him doubtful if building the house partly into the slope as at Thoresby is the best way. Highclere, occupying a similar situation as to ground, forms an example, we agree with him, of the better fashion of having a quiet, open vista in front with ample room for every phase of gardening or tree-planting in the grounds spreading out on either side, or behind the house. Greenlands, by the Thames-side near Henley, the principal front a simple lawn sloping down to the water, comes, he thinks, nearer to our possibly perfect English flower-garden than any example he has to mention. At Clumber the view is cut off at many points by the formal pile of Sir C. Barry's architectural work. In Pendell Court, a beautiful old house ivy-clad and wreathed with roses, and unencumbered with terrace, fountain, or statue, we are invited to see the pattern of the English country mansion, a poem in building and in lawn. To this we should be inclined, for our part, to add as an alternative model Endsleigh Cottage, the lovely Devonshire seat of the Duke of Bedford, in which time has smoothed away whatever seemed artificial under Brown's designing hand; every jutting rock or fall of feathery spray seeming to fulfil its natural function in the pervading harmony. On a slighter scale we are shown the typical English cottage with garden and lawn in Gilbert White's characteristic retreat at Selborne, sketched in 1880, not essentially modified since the time of the distinguished naturalist. A glance at Charles Kingsley's Rectory at Eversley shows us a modest and charming, and simple as charming, type of garden, where house and grounds had been as unsatisfactory as was from a spiritual point of view the rest of the parish; the incoming rector in 1844 becoming his own engineer and landscape gardener. Professor Owen's garden at Suen Lodge, Richmond, is finally cited as proving that the most attractive gardens are by no means the largest or the most pretentious.

Now it is not everybody who has the call, the ambition, or the purse to lay out grounds on the princely scale of Trentham, Eaton, or Witley Court. It is as a guide and helper to those whose modest wants have their limits within a few acres at the most that Mr. Robinson comes forward with his experience and his critical taste. The main point in practice is how the garden designer is to make the most of the inexhaustible treasure that nature places at his command. We have here in effect an illustrated catalogue of the British flora, acclimatized as well as indigenous. Since in this country the flower-garden must rely upon the vegetation that will stand rude vicissitudes of climate and temperature, precedence is here given to hardy plants, with rules for their arrangement, succession, and protection. The garden of sweet-smelling flowers, the garden of beautiful form, and the wild garden, have each a chapter full of useful hints and attractive illustrations. "Economy and wasted effort" forms a heading to much sensible advice specially suitable to amateurs in horticulture. Each separate season naturally calls for artistic and economic study of the flora adapted to it; but to the judicious and far-seeing florist the round of the whole year will be a matter for systematic contemplation, and both summer and winter bedding will be combined in his provision for keeping up in the garden a perennial current of life. Now that there is such a wealth of material in the shape of plants suited to the furnishing of flower-beds in winter, there can be no excuse for blank and barren patches after the summer bedding-plants have been cleared away. To neutralize the prevailing dullness of the winter season there is all the more need for making our gardens as bright and cheerful as possible. This has led to our practical botanists searching out

and using as summer bedders many hardy plants which otherwise might have been passed over, but which are just as efficacious as tender exotics, nay, in some cases, as Mr. Robinson has found, more so, and which when planted in the spring serve till the spring following, when they are taken up, divided, and replanted for another year. If we can combine, as he contends we easily can, summer and winter bedding, then much of the opposition to formal parterre planting will cease, nor will any sensible florist grudge the labour and expense. The trouble indeed in this case should be a pleasure. What is here advocated is a sort of compromise between the claims of the seasons, a kind of giving and taking, a tender and a hardy system of bedding. A sketch of such a scheme as Mr. Robinson has in view will show what variety and abundance of material is at hand for the purpose:—

For instance, in summer planting a goodly number of the more handsome and showier growing Conifers and other shrubs should be brought into use for the filling of vases, centres of beds, and as dot plants in the larger beds. Amongst the best plants for this purpose are *Retinosporas*, *Thuja*, *Junipers*, *Cypresses*, *Biotas*, *Yuccas*, standard Golden Yews, standard *Cotoneasters*, variegated *Hollies*, and *Eucynuses*. For lines and ground-work the following are most suitable, viz., *Sedums* of many kinds, *Saxifraga*, *Sempervivums*, *Cerastium arvense*, *Mentha*, *Pulegium gibraltarica*, *Veronica repens*, *V. incana*, variegated *Thyme*, variegated *Arabis*, and others. These hardy plants being worked in with the summer arrangements, and, so far as my own experience goes, with evident improvement to the tenderer subjects, give so much the less labour when the time for the winter arrangement arrives, a few days at the most sufficing for the clearing out of tender plants and replacing them with hardy ones. Amongst the best for taking the place of *Pelargoniums*, &c., are hardy *Heaths*, variegated *Ivies*, variegated *Periwinkles*, *Cotoneasters*, *Berberis*, *Aucubas*, variegated *Box*, variegated *Eucynus*, *Lavender*, common and variegated *Thyme*, *Pernettyas*, &c.

Under the veil of the initials "E. V. B.," which her dedication renders easily penetrable by those who are curious in the matter, a lady to whom we believe our young folks to be indebted for not a few of the most delightful of recent stories has brought together from the *Gardener's Chronicle* a series of charming articles, forming a kind of floral chronicle of the year. Akin both in conception and spirit to *Colin Clout's Calendar*, this little volume, instead of leading us on the ramble through the merry greenwood, amid the sights and sounds of uncultivated nature, bids us take our pleasure in trim gardens, and feast our senses upon the beauties and the scents which a few years of skilled and loving toil have enabled the writer to bring together as by magic out of what seemed but a barren and profitless wilderness. To the pleasant *Year in a Lancashire Garden*, or *Milner's Country Pleasures*, as we rather think the true title to have run, is due, we are told, the suggestion of recording in this alternative shape the triumphs and disappointments of another garden, growing in a more genial climate, which we shrewdly suspect to be that of Somersetshire, the site being identified by a reference to it in Evelyn's *Diary*, "as a very pretty seate in the forest, on a flat, with gardens exquisitely kept, though large, and the house a staunch old building," then tenanted by George Evelyn, cousin to the diarist. Remains of conventual buildings then existed on a considerable scale, and are spoken of as still traceable in part, though the house and grounds seem to have fallen into deplorable neglect and decay. Nothing of a garden at all events, we are told, survived here when our author, in 1871, took the place in hand as a playground, and with the help of a skilful gardener, and a love for flowers, of which she modestly speaks as unscientific, transformed the scene into the comparative paradise that her graphic pen portrays for our delectation and profit. Tastefully got up, in Queen Anne type, with hand-made paper, creamy vellum binding, rough edges, and daintily cut head and tail pieces, the little volume forms an ornament for the drawing-room or library table. Full of sympathy with the subject, E. V. B. throws the charm of personal association round her notices of flowers, shrubs, trees, and birds. Why October should be chosen by her as the opening point in her cycle of the year we are at a loss to conceive. But we gladly yield ourselves to her guidance as she takes us to the "Fantaisie," a tiny plantation with a breadth of flowers and young evergreen trees intermixed, gay with a profusion of her autumn favourites, girdled with close trimmed "yewen" hedges, to revive Spenser's delightful phrase, the three eastern gables of the old house all aflame with Virginian creeper. With November we pass on to *chrysanthemums* of varied hue and convolution, or make up a nosegay of crimson summer roses or *gladiolus auratum* lily, a Welsh poppy, and a wondrous spray of *flexuosa* honeysuckle that fills the room with its fragrance. If December yields us little save the Christmas rose to enliven the prevalent dullness or subdued verdure, nature fully makes up her tale of beauty with the silvery veil that the hoar frost spreads over gossamer webs and feathery foliage. We are surprised to find no heats to break the green background of *Deodara*, *Sequoia* or *Abies amabilis*, a lovely pine, whose robe of grey-blue tufted foliage wraps her feet and trails upon the grass. With the first burst of spring the garden wakes up to newness of life. Grand arums unpear their thick tall stems, crowned by spathes in spiral lines of perfect grace. The mystic roots of the briony, having lain hidden all the winter, respond to the call of the sun from heaven. "Is the white briony really the true mandrake?" our author wonders. The primrose and violet, crocus and hyacinth, chequer the beds and the sward with their manifold hues. The rooks, which have been at length tempted to make a home here, are busy with their nests, and the thrushes enliven the woods with their music. And so for hours, days, and months our kindly hostess or guide conducts us through a round of sights and sounds and scents, ever varying, yet

ever fresh and pleasant. Justly proud of this Arcadia of her own creating, she deserves the warmest thanks of her readers for admitting them into literary companionship with her plans, her meditations, and her enjoyments.

OLDE FFRENDES WITH NEWE FACES.*

THIS is a successor to the *Chap-Book Chaplets*, with more of those "sutable sculptures," which we have recently noticed, by Mr. Crawhall. It contains nine "olde ffrendes," some of whom may prove on examination to be new friends. The story of the "Long Pack," for instance, which is not a ballad, but a narrative told in plain modern English, is excellent, and will no doubt be new to some readers. It is the tale of a pedlar who brings to a lonely country house left in charge of servants the most monstrous pack ever seen. Other packs the maid Alice had seen as long and others as broad, but none at once so long and so broad. The pedlar asks permission to leave the pack, since he is denied his request for a bed in the house. This is granted, and he goes away. Presently Alice, coming back to the room unheard, observes, with terror and amazement, the pack walking about, still apparently packed up. How she gives the alarm, how the gamekeeper fires into the pack and kills a stout fellow concealed in it, how the servants stand a siege of the house by the robber's companions, must be read. The ballad of "Lord Bateman" is illustrated in Mr. Crawhall's happiest style; the portrait of the Skipper, especially, is excellent, and we have seldom seen a better ship than that which he commands; the fidelity of the anchor and the ship's bell is alone worth the whole price of the book. The "Apparition of Mrs. Veal" may be commended for the illustrations, though we protest vehemently against the spoiling of Mrs. Bargrave's admirable portrait by a vulgar modern ejaculation written beneath. The "Morning" and "Evening" of the unfortunate poet John Cunningham, with his ode on "Newcastle Beer," are prefixed by a welcome notice of his life. The quality of the verse may be judged from the following specimen:—

'Twas Stinglike this made Alcides so bold,
It braced up his nerves and enlivened his pow'rs;
And his mystical club that did wonders of old
Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as our's.
The horrible crew
That Hercules slew
Were Poverty, Calumny, Trouble and Fear;
Such a club would you borrow,
To drive away sorrow,
Apply for a Jorum of Newcastle Beer.

The story of "Ducks and Green Peas," which is not only told in verse but also dramatized, is of a kind which has by this time long since lost whatever fun it may once have possessed. But the history which follows—that of "Andrew Robinson Stoney Bowes, Esq."—is certainly strange, and worthy of reproduction. It may be observed that no novelist has ever yet dared to present a villain who comes anywhere near this remarkable monster of wickedness. Thackeray made an attempt at portraying this very personage in fiction; but Barry Lyndon is virtuous compared with Andrew Robinson Stoney Bowes, who soared to heights of wickedness beyond the reach of Thackeray. There are yet fields unexplored for the adventurous writer of fiction. And if Mr. Crawhall has any other stories as interesting as the "Long Pack" and the life and exploits of Mr. Bowes, we shall be glad to welcome another volume of "Olde Ffrendes" from him.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE Life of Mohammed (1) is no doubt destined to be frequently investigated ere East and West are thoroughly in accordance respecting it. A general approximation of opinion is however visible, and it is a great merit in Herr Krehl's modest volume to express this with precision and conciseness. The world of Orientalism has come to the view formulated by one who perhaps could not read a word of any Oriental language. Genius, insight, a fellow-feeling with greatness, and consistent adherence to the sound maxim that

Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle—

guided Carlyle long ago to the conclusion now enforced by Herr Krehl and accepted by most dispassionate persons. Mohammed was no impostor. He believed in his mission, and his belief was not unfounded. As a great religious reformer—the Luther of his age and race—he is entitled to sincere veneration; as a religious visionary he was upright and sincere. But he was also a prince and a warrior, and in these capacities he almost inevitably succumbed to the temptation of making his revelation an engine of policy. This is a stain upon the purity of his character, but it would be most unjust to try him by the standard of those teachers who have kept aloof from public life. The more exclusively his character and doctrine are judged by a Semitic standard, the fairer they appear; but this is only another way of saying that the latter has no universal

character, and that the former comes very short of the ideal of humanity. It may be hoped that the diffusion of Western culture in the East, by acquainting Orientals with a different standard, will gradually open their eyes to the partial and imperfect character of Mohammedanism, even as a better acquaintance with Oriental literature and modes of thought has relieved Europeans of many of their ancient prejudices. The eighteenth century, with its fixed disbelief in the genuineness of enthusiastic sentiment, treated Mohammed no better than it treated Moses; just and impartial views are an acquisition of our own day. Herr Krehl has been to the traditional sources of anecdote and legend respecting Mohammed, and acknowledges that his conception of the prophet's character is largely derived from them. His own narrative is distinguished by perfect simplicity and lucidity, it commands assent by the author's evident mastery over his materials, and charms by the absence of affectation and pretentiousness. It condenses a vast amount of information into a narrow compass, and yet never reads like a mere epitome. The author's rigid restriction of his composition to his theme is so far a disadvantage that his predecessors are never alluded to. We should have been glad to have known his opinion of Muir and Sprengel. A succeeding volume is to contain his exposition of Mohammed's teaching.

It might have been deemed impossible to produce another really original book of travel in so tourist-ridden a country as Norway (2). Herr Passarge, however, has shown that something remained to be noted by a discriminating observer of man and nature. His book is excellent, bright, racy, entertaining, and at the same time one from which the reader seems to be continually learning. Without pretence of fine writing or over-elaborated word-painting, his pictures convey a clear and lively impression of the characteristics of Norwegian natural scenery, especially when its marine aspects are in question. As an observer of manners and an inquirer into the resources of the country he is suggestive and instructive. He predicts a great future for Norway as a cattle-rearing country when agricultural science shall have so far progressed there as to allow of cattle being fed throughout the winter, but doubts whether the necessary capital will be forthcoming so long as the fisheries continue as lucrative as at present.

The title of Dr. Krebs's publication on the practical applications of physical science (3) is hardly sufficiently expressive of its extremely useful character. It is, in fact, a collection of thirteen treatises by distinguished specialists on the most important recent applications of scientific discovery to practical ends. Among the most interesting subjects treated are photography, the spectro-scope, electro-motive power, and the galvanoplastic art; while especial importance attaches to discussions of the future of the telephone and the probable issue of the battle between gas and electricity. The volume should be particularly interesting to English men of science on account of the numerous descriptions of German inventions it contains.

A third edition of Friedrich von Hellwald's history of civilization is called for (4), and the writer has shown a laudable diligence in bringing it up to the level of contemporary requirements. It is not unnatural that he should cherish the fond expectation of being found among those who will be recorded as having opened new paths for modern thought, and even hint that perhaps his name will be found not very remote from Darwin's. Such an expectation appears to us most chimerical. Not only is Herr von Hellwald's philosophical creed a gloomy pessimism, the general acceptance of which, if attended by its logical results, would bring the march of culture which he chronicles to a speedy termination; but his advocacy of his views has neither the argumentative power nor the piquancy of expression needful to render them convincing or popular. As a thinker he has neither force nor originality. The merits of his book are of quite another order; the praise we refuse to the speculator we can accord to the compiler. He possesses a remarkable talent for marshalling and co-ordinating facts; he carries his reader swiftly over extensive historical periods, and leaves him possessed of accurate and serviceable knowledge, well digested and well arranged. As a compendium of facts bearing upon the history of culture the work is entitled to high praise, and would have been still better if it had been less ambitious.

"The History of the Family," by Julius Lippert (5), is a well-arranged compendium of a subject on which volumes might be written. It is certainly by no means exhaustive, but aims at conveying the essence of the matter. The particular point of view under which the subject has presented itself to Herr Lippert is the various aspects in which family continuity has been regarded at different epochs of civilization. In primitive times, mainly from the idea common to uncivilized races that the blood is the man, the mother was regarded as the pivot of the family and transmitter of hereditary right. Traces of this idea are found in some English legal customs at this day, and the Ottoman Sultan is still succeeded by his nephews. The development of the

(2) *Sommerfahrten in Norwegen: Reiseerinnerungen, Natur- und Kulturstudien.* Von L. Passarge. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Nutt.

(3) *Die Physik im Dienste der Wissenschaft, der Kunst und des praktischen Lebens.* Herausgegeben von Prof. G. Krebs. Stuttgart: Enke. London: Kolckmann.

(4) *Kulturgeschichte in ihrer natürlichen Entwicklung bis zur Gegenwart.* Von Friedrich von Hellwald. Dritte neubearbeitete Auflage. 2 Bde. Augsburg: Lampart & Co. London: Asher.

(5) *Die Geschichte der Familie.* Von Julius Lippert. Stuttgart: Enke. London: Kolckmann.

* *Olde Ffrendes with newe Faces, adorn'd with sutable Sculptures.* London: Field & Tuer.

(1) *Das Leben des Mohammed.* Dargestellt von Ludolf Krehl. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.

paternal idea is the subject of the second section of Herr Lippert's treatise; and in the third he examines the actual condition of the family as an institution among the Germanic races. He points out convincingly that all prospect of further progress depends upon adherence to the German principle of individualism, and how fatal would be the mistake of retrograding to the collectivism which even Slavonic communities are beginning to outgrow.

The first part of a treatise on woman, social and physiological (6), contains ample details from both points of view, and as seven more parts are to follow, the treatment of the subject promises to be exhaustive. The opinions of the best authorities respecting the special characteristics of woman, such as the weight and texture of the brain, and the inferences to be deduced from them, are discussed at considerable length; many curious physiological facts are stated on the authority of travellers, and the writer has even ventured upon the delicate undertaking of appreciating the comparative female beauty of the various regions of the earth, omitting, however, both our countrywomen and his own.

Dr. Spir (7) candidly confesses in the preface to his collected works that these writings have as yet failed to excite the attention of the public. The fault, he thinks, is not his, and with true philosophical dignity and composure he addresses himself to a new attempt. For this he has, at all events, the justification of having something to say. His views are frequently original, and his style, though quite unaffected and unostentatious, is highly individual, and as lucid as the abstract character of his theme permits. He has several acute and penetrating criticisms, as when he opposes the notion that our inability to discern more than the succession of phenomena warrants disbelief in causality. So far as we can follow him, his system would appear to be a kind of Dualism. He strongly denies that the Unconditioned is the sole cause of the conditioned, and must therefore assert the existence of some other ground of phenomena.

Dr. von Gizycki (8), the author of an esteemed work on the philosophy of Shaftesbury, has gained the prize for the best essay on the principles of ethics proposed by the Lessing Society, and adjudged by no less distinguished arbiters than Herman Grimm, Lasker, and W. Scherer. Sixty-five essays were submitted to these eminent men, and we trust were duly read by them. Dr. Gizycki's will be quite enough for the public. He has wisely preferred commonplace to paradox, and conducts his readers by beaten paths to self-approval and the *summum bonum*.

The earlier and more interesting half of Franz Grillparzer's life (9) has been attractively and faithfully recorded by himself, but there was still sufficient room for Heinrich Laube's simple and concise biography. Not only was Grillparzer's existence prolonged for thirty-five years beyond the date at which his autobiography concludes, but his manuscripts have been found to include diaries, notes of occurrences, self-appreciations, and other biographical memoranda of importance. These, carefully preserved by his cousin, Baron von Rizo, have been placed in the hands of Herr Laube, who has displayed sound judgment and discrimination in his manner of dealing with them, leaving the poet as much as possible to speak for himself, while his own observations are always to the point. Grillparzer's latter years were uneventful, and the most important additions to his autobiography are his journal of a tour in Turkey and Greece in 1843, and the account of the pleasant Indian summer of his fame after the disturbances of 1848; when a patriotic song made him as much the favourite of the ruling classes as he had previously been their aversion; and his forgotten dramas were revived one after the other with unflinching success. The records of his early years are enriched with several new traits, and we obtain on the whole a vivid picture of the contrasts of magnanimity and peevishness, true humanity and timid selfishness, intellectual vigour and old bachelor-like whimsies that characterized the chief dramatic poet of Austrian Hungary.

"Fourteen Years with Adelina Patti" (10) is appropriate to the subject in exterior elegance and prettiness, but belongs to the wholly condemnable class of literary manufacture which works up the intimate details of private life into a mass of savourless or scandalous gossip for the gratification of the vulgar. There is just enough of the element of scandal to prove that the publication of this stuff is not countenanced by Mme. Patti herself, and thus refute the only surmise which could seriously affect her reputation. For the rest, it can only be regretted that such demand should exist for the tattle of discarded retainers as to render it worth any publisher's while to dress it up so handsomely for the market.

Salomon Hirzel's bibliography of Goethe (11) was last published in 1874. Since this period abundance of new matter has accumulated, the scope of the work including not merely Goethe's own writings, but the mass of critical matter relating to him, and the endless publications of newly-discovered letters, forgotten

reviews, and personal and literary souvenirs of all sorts. The last years have been peculiarly prolific in this kind of addition to Goethe literature; and, although strictly confined to Germany, the Hirzel bibliography extends over 215 pages, an extent due not only to the number of publications catalogued, but to the fulness and minuteness of description in the case of even the most insignificant articles.

Dr. Ebering's bibliographical advertiser of books and articles relating to the languages and literature of the Latin nations (12) is an exceedingly valuable publication. The list comprises everything that has appeared, from extensive works down to letters and paragraphs in periodicals; and will be found indispensable by students of the rich literature of this class of languages.

F. Hirsch's history of German literature (13) has progressed to the time of the Minnesingers.

The un-Teutonic appellation of M. E. delle Grazie (14) denotes or disguises a writer of really Teutonic spirit, who has chosen a subject dear to German patriotic feeling as the theme of a vigorous epic. The writer's language and versification are full of energy; but the thoughts are in general commonplace, and too much of the poem is either conventional description or hollow though sonorous declamation. This writer's thorough belief in herself and her hero is the chief redeeming point; the glorification of everything German is not unbecoming in a national epic, but by dint of constant reiteration becomes tedious.

Of three attractive little volumes added to the *Bibliothek für Ost und West* (15) only one has any special pretensions to literary merit. This is Alfred Friedmann's "Legends of Life," slight productions, but for the most part pretty, graceful, and clever. "By the Way" and "Leaves in the Wind" are very fair light reading, but have the aspect of reprints from *Household Words* or *Chambers's Journal*.

Ossip Schubin's excellent novel, *Among Ourselves*, is concluded in the *Rundschau* (16). It deserves to rank among the best examples of the cosmopolitan style of fiction of which Mr. James's novels perhaps afford the most typical examples in our language, while in the early chapters there is enough delineation of national manners to show that the author may become a representative Slavonic novelist if he chooses. The contemporary of Major Schill, who comes forward to give the intimate history of his celebrated partisan campaign, appears almost like a spirit from the grave. He is, in fact, an old Prussian officer who died in 1868 at upwards of fourscore. Herman Grimm describes the great Berlin edition of the works of Albert Dürer now in progress; Professor Seuffert sketches the leading points of the codification of Justinian; and Professor Jolly recounts his interviews with pundits and conveys his general impressions of the sacred city of Benares. All European grammars, except Bühler's, he says, mislead the student as to the pronunciation of Sanscrit.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE eighth and last volume of the *Memoirs of Prince Metternich* has appeared (1). It begins in the midst of the disturbances of 1848, when Metternich had to take refuge in England, and ends with his death eleven years later. As before, there is much that is instructive, and even not a little that is amusing, in the book. But it is impossible not to feel that its publication on such a gigantic scale has been a mistake. Five or six thousand unusually large and closely-printed pages are more than the world will willingly allow even to a man so industrious, so distinguished, and concerned in so many important transactions as Metternich. If his own copious diary had been subjected to a process of selection, if the Princess Mélanie's amiable, but somewhat garrulous, journal had been compressed (for instance, such statements as "Ma santé commence à s'améliorer. J'ai dû m'adresser à plusieurs médecins anglais. Malheureusement je ne puis pas dire qu'ils m'inspirent confiance" are surely not very important at this time of day), and if in place of printing all the voluminous State papers and minutes which, long after he had been driven from power, the aged statesman pleased himself by drawing up almost daily, the more weighty only had been given, and the rest dealt with by way of extract or *précis*, a manageable book would have resulted. As it is, not many but professed historical students are likely to get through it or turn to it later.

M. de Baillon's useful and creditable volumes on Henrietta Maria (2), which are for different reasons equally interesting to English and to French readers, have reached a second edition.

(12) *Bibliographischer Anzeiger der romanischen Sprachen und Literaturen*. Herausgegeben von Dr. E. Ebering. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Tietzmeier. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur*. Von F. Hirsch. Lief. 2, 3. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Hermann: Deutsches Heldengedicht in zwölf Gesängen*. Von M. E. delle Grazie. Wien: Hartleben. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Bibliothek für Ost und West. Neue Lebensmärchen*, von Alfred Friedmann. *Unterwegs*, von Joh. Nordmann. *Blätter im Winde*, von Ferdinand Gross. Berlin: Engel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 10, Hft. 9. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(1) *Mémoires du Prince de Metternich*. Par le Prince Richard de Metternich et M. A. de Klinkowström. Tome VIII. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Henriette Marie de France, reine d'Angleterre—Lettres inédites de Henriette Marie de France*. Par le Comte de Baillon. Paris: Didier.

(6) *Das Weib in der Natur- und Völkerkunde*. Anthropologische Studien von Dr. H. Ploss. Lief. 1. Leipzig: Grieben. London: Nutt.

(7) *Gesammelte Schriften*. Von A. Spir. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Fintel. London: Asher & Co.

(8) *Grundzüge der Moral*. Von Georg von Gizycki. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Nutt.

(9) *Franz Grillparzer's Lebensgeschichte*. Von Heinrich Laube. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Nutt.

(10) *Vierzehn Jahre mit Adelina Patti*. Erinnerungen von Louisa Laun. Wien: Konegen. London: Kolckmann.

(11) *Salomon Hirzel's Verzeichnis einer Goethe-Bibliothek*. Mit Nachträgen und Fortsetzung herausgegeben von Ludwig Hirzel. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

M. Hippéau's indefatigable labours on the history of State-regulated education in France and elsewhere have resulted in the publication of yet another volume dealing with the debates on the subject in the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies (3). The book is done with much care, and the combination of extract and abstract is well managed. There is also a good appendix of biographical notices (far from unnecessary in the case of the less famous deputies) and an excellent index. It is, perhaps, treason to suggest that the subject is scarcely worth the expenditure of such good gifts.

If anybody wishes to see the very latest thing in "advanced" reviews, he may gratify himself by reading *La revue indépendante* (4), started last month in Paris. Here an unknown person glorifies materialism, and M. Edmond de Goncourt gives a little story, and M. Edgar Montell shows to his own satisfaction that there is no room in Europe for a religious nation, and M. J. K. Huysmans writes about painters (we have known him write about many worse things), and M. Henry Céard (all our old friends!) writes a *chronique*, and there is an odd little appendix, giving lists of persons who drive "mails coaches" and other "high life" details. It is a funny little periodical, and, truth compels us to add, a very badly printed one.

If we notice M. Leroy's *Guide du duelliste indélicat* (5) it is not on account of M. Leroy. To be frank, he has spoiled a good subject by an excessive extravagance of the kind which "extravagues" (as his countrymen would say) into sheer dullness, and by much perfectly unnecessary vulgarity. We do not mean the peculiar license of phrase and subject which French opinion allows, though English opinion does not; but a coarseness which has no excuse. But the illustrations are very good now and then, and rarely otherwise than good. "Uzès" has drawn his tiny figures (they are, as a rule, about an inch long) with a correctness and at the same time a fancy and a spirit which are very far from common; and the amount of composition he has got into designs often not bigger than a penny piece is remarkable.

M. Daudet wishes his sons to read *Sapho* (6) when they are twenty. It will certainly do them no harm to wait so long; it will not do them much if they wait a little longer. The book is the history of the irregular, but for a time constant and after a fashion passionate, affection of a young man for a courtesan years older than himself, who for a long time is frantically attached to him, but at last leaves him in the lurch. That it is written with power, and that it avoids the grosser faults of the Naturalist school, need hardly be said; but it may be more necessary to say that M. Daudet, despite some apparent liberties with real persons, has not sinned so flagrantly in point of personality as he has sometimes done. As a novel of purpose, which from the above-quoted wish it seems to be, it is not very clear that *Sapho* will do much good; as a work of art it fails because the hero is left very much of a lay figure, and the heroine is drawn from the outside. Both the moral and the work of art are better represented in some passages of Gavarni's writing quoted in MM. de Goncourt's *Life of him*. We have seen a comparison of the book to *Manon Lescaut*, which, if it had appeared elsewhere than where it did appear, would have convinced us that the critic had never read *Manon*. As a contrast, not a comparison, it may not be uninteresting to read the two together. Few critics will have much difficulty in deciding that Prévost's work is one of genius; M. Daudet's one of talent merely; and the reason of the distinction is quite clear. The voluminous Abbé in that immortal book struck deep down to the realities of human nature; M. Daudet has at best observed its outside, and has mingled not a little convention with his observation.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Lues Boswelliana is an excellent thing in a biographer, but not too much of it. Now in Mr. Macgeorge, author of a memoir of the late Mr. Leitch (Blackie & Son), this infirmity, if it is an infirmity, of the biographer is at times too obvious. He applies the adjective "great" to his hero somewhat lavishly, and in one passage he runs a comparison between him and Turner which might make the scoffer to chuckle. Allowing for these signs of excessive zeal, his life of the Scotch landscape painter is commendable. If it will not persuade anybody that Mr. Leitch was more than a clever sketcher, and a charming person for an amateur to learn drawing from, it does show that he was an honourable and lovable man. There is something very healthy in the history of Mr. Leitch's early fight with poverty and every kind of obstacle as a scene painter to bankrupt Scotch theatres. His work was certainly none the worse because he and his wife lived for years on fifteen shillings a week, very irregularly earned, with the determination never to owe a penny, and never to eat a meal till they had earned it. A high standard of probity in money matters is not necessarily a cause of good work in art; but then there are persons who seem to think that the converse of the proposition is true.

We have met Mr. Evans before as a translator of Heine's prose, and in that character we entertain a considerable respect for him.

(3) *L'instruction publique en France pendant la révolution*. Deuxième série. *Débats législatifs*. Par C. Hippéau. Paris: Didier.

(4) *La revue indépendante*. No. I. Paris: Bureau de la revue.

(5) *Guide du duelliste indélicat*. Par C. Leroy. Illustrations de Uzès. Paris: Tresse.

(6) *Sapho*. Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Charpentier.

As a biographer and critic he is less admirable. His introductory essay to *The Memoirs of Heinrich Heine* (Bell & Sons), which takes up the larger half of this book, might well have been spared. It tells us nothing to the purpose about the poet, but a good deal about Mr. Evans's point of view. This is the view of many estimable persons, who cannot accept the hard truth that a man of letters is great by the artistic quality of his writing and because of his literary probity, not by his moral character. He cannot acknowledge that, though Heine wrote prose and verse which will live for ever, yet there was in him much of the natural man, who is a sinful creature. Consequently he is always trying to show that the poet was really a man of many domestic virtues. This method leads Mr. Evans astray in two ways. In the first it causes him to utter certain opinions on matters of conduct which are at least eccentric. He is quite piously angry with Heine's cousins, who were base enough to dislike being made a laughing-stock to all Europe. Now even obscure persons who are not poets and satirists are still our fellow-men, and may reasonably defend themselves. On the whole, too, he is, for so moral a critic, singularly ready to show that his man lied on occasion. Mr. Evans is, besides, so busy in making Heine a reputable citizen that he quite forgets to try and judge his literary workmanship; and that is, after all, not the least of a critic's duties.

In *The Tennessee Mountains*, by C. C. Craddock (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.), is a collection of tales of American life very full of an uncouth local dialect. As stories they have no interest to speak of, and the dialect is very destitute of grace and colour. Mr. Craddock writes in a feminine spirit. He seems mostly concerned to show that women are much the best half of humanity, which no man will be ungallant enough to deny, and then to prove that forgiveness of those who trespass against us is a virtuous thing. So it is, but not when it is carried to the length of encouraging brutes of various kinds. Mr. Craddock teaching by example carries it to that length.

Mr. R. Pike's *Railway Adventures and Anecdotes* (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.) is a very fatiguing kind of book. It is a collection of cuttings from newspapers, books, and speeches which have any connexion direct or indirect with railways.

We will honestly confess that we have not read Mr. M. L. O'Byrne's novel, *Ill-Won Peerages; or, an Unhallowed Union* (Dublin: Gill & Son). On dipping into it we found Irish patriotism, Irish rant about the Irish Parliament and independence, and Irish rave against England. This sort of thing does not need to be read before being judged.

The fourth volume of *Present Day Tracts* (The Religious Tract Society) contains six essays by religious writers of more or less mark. One of them is of course a criticism of Renan.

The Rev. J. Edmond Long publishes another pamphlet on outcast London. This time it is *The Hopeful Cry* (Skeffington & Son). Mr. Long gives his notion how we ought to try and modify the inevitable consequences of over-population and human weakness.

The tenth number of the Trinity College, Dublin, learned magazine, *Hermathena* (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. London: Longmans & Co.) is full of papers on classical literary subjects. Vol. VII. of the *Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society* (Kendal: T. Wilson) contains, among other things, a paper of interesting extracts from the "Paine Book" of the parish of Watermillock during the seventeenth century which illustrate the local government of England under the Stuarts. The Fifth Annual Report of the "Archæological Institute of America" (Cambridge: Wilson & Son) is a well-printed account of what the institution has done to further both classical and American archæology in late years. It contains a very curious account of the strange Indian civilization of Arizona and New Mexico. The English Dialect Society publish two glossaries, one of English Words of the Eighteenth Century, and one of Hampshire Words and Phrases (Trübner & Co.). Mr. Axon edits the first, the second is edited and compiled by the Rev. Sir William Cope. We have received No. 3 of the fourth volume of a very prettily illustrated magazine called *The Outing* (London: Iliffe & Son. Boston: The Wheelman Co.); and also numbers of the *Manhattan* (New York and London), an American magazine with a curiously thin specimen of American engraving as its frontispiece. And finally, the *Andover Magazine* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), a religious and theological monthly. The speechifying, processions, and so forth at the Edinburgh University Tercentenary are collected for the admiration of posterity by Mr. R. Sydney Marsden (Blackwood & Sons).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS, City of London.—The Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Tuesday, July 8, 1884, at half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the purchase of valuable Freehold Ground Rents, &c., and Reversions of premises, as under, viz.:

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 Particulars and Plans of the premises may be had at this Office, together with the Conditions of Sale.
 Tenders must be sealed, endorsed outside "Tender for Freehold Ground Rents, Basinghall Street," &c. (stating the premises, as the case may be), and be addressed to the undersigned, at this Office, and must be delivered before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.
 The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any tender.
 Parties sending in proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at half-past Twelve o'clock on the said day, and be then prepared (if their tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase-money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeably to the Conditions of Sale.

Sewers' Office, Guildhall: May 31, 1884.

HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.

TO BUILDERS AND Others.—The Streets Committee of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City, on Friday, June 27, 1884, at Two o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the erection of Subterranean Urinals and Water Closets in front of the Royal Exchange, in accordance with Plans and Specifications to be seen at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall.

Tenders are to be on the Forms supplied at the said Office, to be sealed, endorsed "Tender for Urinals, &c.," be addressed to the undersigned, and delivered before Two o'clock on the said day.

Parties making proposals must attend personally, or by a duly authorized agent, at Two o'clock on the said day.

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Sewers' Office, Guildhall: June 7, 1884.

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LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—Parish of CLAPHAM, Surrey.—At a MEETING of the VESTRY of the Parish of CLAPHAM, held on June 1, 1884, the following Resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

"That in the opinion of this Vestry the provisions of the London Government Bill having reference to the powers and duties of the proposed District Councils are opposed to the principles of Local Government."

"That if the Bill were amended so as to provide—

"1. That the District Councils retain all their present power, and take over the powers of the Commissioners of Baths and of Libraries; and that the duties of Burial Boards, if transferred at all, be transferred to the District Councils.

"2. That the members of the Common Council be elected by the District Councils, so as to ensure a fair representation of each district.

"3. That the present representative Vestries be retained instead of reverting to the old system of open Vestries.

"4. That the number of District Councillors be fixed by the Act giving the Common Council power to alter the number in accordance with the increase of the Ratepayers.

"5. That the Common Council be elected in accordance with Clause 8 (so many from each parish), and be nominated and elected for the parish in which their qualifying properties are situate respectively.

"It would be worthy of the support of this Vestry."

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Home Secretary, the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Wandsworth District Board, the Corporation of London, and to all the Vestries and District Boards in London.

June 14, 1884.

(Signed) JAMES WEBBER, Vestry Clerk.

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—CHARTER for WESTMINSTER. At a MEETING held at the Town Hall, Westminster, on Friday, June 13, 1884, H. BOWMAN SPIKE, Esq., in the Chair, it was proposed by L. HEARNE, Esq., seconded by the Right Hon. W. H. SMITH, M.P., supported by CHARLES MURDOCK, Esq., the Lord ALGERNON PERCY, M.P., and the Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, M.P., and Resolved:—

"That, in the opinion of this Meeting of the Ratepayers of Westminster, the London Government Bill would, if passed into law, prove fatal to local independence by creating a huge system of centralization highly detrimental to the interests and liberties of the people, and further, that the history, wealth, and requirements of this City afford a just ground for claiming a charter of incorporation as a safeguard of its municipal liberties."

It was also proposed by O. E. COORS, Esq., M.P., seconded by W. E. M. TOMLINSON, Esq., M.P., and Resolved:—

"That the necessary steps be taken to give effect to the foregoing Resolution, and that the Chairman be empowered to sign a petition to Parliament against the Bill."

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a PUBLIC MEETING of the RATEPAYERS of ST. MARYLEBONE, duly convened and held at St. Marylebone Church, on Tuesday, June 11, 1884, PHILIP WILKINSON, Esq., Churchwarden, in the Chair, it was proposed by the Rev. Professor MARKS, seconded by Mr. EDEMAN, and Resolved:—

"That this meeting of Ratepayers of the Parish of St. Marylebone, having met to consider the Bill introduced into Parliament for the better government of London, and for other purposes connected therewith, hereby expresses its decided disapproval of a measure which practically abolishes Local Self-Government, and invests a Central Board with enormous powers, which would be likely to engender much abuse, and be impracticable for the proper government of a population of upwards of four millions of persons."

"This Meeting is of opinion that the governing principle of the Bill involves the virtual annihilation of Local Self-Government, and considers that if brought into operation it would cause great increase in the rates and expenditure, and decrease in the personal care and supervision on the part of those who have hitherto as local authorities occupied themselves in the local government of the metropolis."

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a PUBLIC MEETING of RATEPAYERS, held at the Middeleton Hall, Islington, on Friday, June 13, 1884, to consider the London Government Bill, J. B. PRICE, Esq., J.P., in the chair, it was moved by Mr. J. H. MOSE, seconded by Mr. J. F. OSWALD, and Resolved, by an overwhelming majority:—

"That the Government of London Bill, if passed, will vest in a Central Council of 240 members the government of the whole Metropolis, will be destructive of the principle of Local Self-Government, and will tend to extravagance in Expenditure, and that the Chairman be requested to sign a petition against the Bill."

LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.—At a crowded PUBLIC MEETING, held at the Royal Park Lecture Hall, Camden Town, on Saturday, June 14, 1884, to consider the provisions of the London Government Bill, Mr. Churchwarden WESTACOTT in the Chair, the following Resolution was adopted:—

"That this Meeting, while acknowledging the necessity of reform in municipal administration, is of opinion that the best mode of promoting the same is by the development of Local Self-Government, which the London Government Bill practically destroys, that the Metropolis is far too large and the interests of its inhabitants much too varied to admit of any one body of 240 men exercising efficient and economic supervision over the requirements and administration of every parish."

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The Forty-eighth Annual General Meeting of the Company was held within their house at Aberdeen, on Friday, June 13, 1884, when the Directors' Report was adopted, and a Dividend of 41 per share, free of income-tax, was declared.

The following are extracts from the Report submitted:—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Premiums received last year amounted to £57,300 15s. 8d., which, compared with £60,120 6s. in the previous year, show the substantial increase of £2,800 15s. 8d. A noteworthy feature of this increase is that it is spread in satisfactory proportions over all the main sections of the Company's business.

The Losses, though not so heavy as in 1883, were again above the average, and amounted to £20,186 17s. 3d., or 63·47 per cent. of the Premiums. The general average of the Company's experience from the beginning is now 52·39 per cent.

The Expenses of Management (including commission to agents and charges of every kind) came to £10,577 10s. 10d., or 30·73 per cent. of the premiums. This is an increase of 1·21 per cent. compared with the previous year, and is principally due to the introduction of certain important changes, from which beneficial results are ultimately expected, in the management of the business in the United States.

The result is that, after reserving the usual 33 per cent. of the premiums to cover liabilities under current policies, a profit was earned of £2,115 15s., which sum has been transferred to the credit of the General Account of Profit and Loss.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Assurance Branch.—The new Assurances during the year, after deduction of re-assurances, reached in the aggregate the sum of £37,706, of which £29,775 was for endowment assurances payable at death or on the attainment of a specified age. These new assurances yielded annual premiums amounting to £12,590 10s. 9d., and single premiums amounting to £1,077 10s. 11d.

The Total Income of the year (including interest) was £251,572 15s. 8d.
The Claims amounted to £111,405 3s. 7d., of which the sum of £2,658 5s. 8d. was for endowments and endowment assurances payable during life.

The Expenses of Management (including commission) were limited to 10 per cent. of the premiums received.
Annuity Branch.—The sum of £5,298 1s. 4d. was received for annuities granted during the year.

The whole Funds of the Life Department now amount to £1,778,220 6s. 9d., showing an increase for the year of £107,750 13s. 7d.

DIVIDEND.

The balance at the credit of Profit and Loss (including the sum brought forward from the previous year, and the profits on the account of 1883) amounts, after charging the interim dividend of 41 per share paid in December last, to £68,460 13s. 8d. Out of this sum the Directors recommend that a further dividend of 41 per share be now declared, making a total distribution of profits for the year of £60,000, and leaving £8,460 13s. 8d. to be carried forward.

London Board of Directors.

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Ernest Chanin, Esq.
Philip Currie, Esq., C.B.
George John Forwick, Esq.
Alexander Pearson Fletcher, Esq.
William Walkinshaw, Esq.
Alexander Heun Goehen, Esq.
William Egerton Hubbard, Esq.
Ferdinand Marshall Huth, Esq.
Henry James Lubbock, Esq.
John Stewart, Esq.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—JAMES ROBB, Manager.

LIFE DEPARTMENT—THOS. H. COOKE, Actuary.

Secretary—H. E. WILSON.

General Manager—JAS. VALENTINE.

Copies of the Report, with the whole Accounts of the Company for the year 1883, may be obtained from any of the Company's Offices or Agencies.

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